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The All True National Sex News Magazine

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And Water Sports ▪ Pube Lubes ▪ HONEYSUCKLE, KIM,
JODY, CHERRY BOMB, And The Rest Of The Gang

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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 11 JUNE 1977

cheri

4 OUR GANG
The CHERI boys and girls frolick amidst the harlots.

6 AMERICHERI
We love hookers!; one pizza with everything; another great American clit; two pieces of ass; one foxy flick; and a phone call to a hot chick; Cherry Bomb's rock scenes and another $1000 blowjob possibility. . . .

13 CLAM-O-RAMA
Scoring scurrilous screen scrivening.

14 BELLE, BUSH & BANANA
From Ric Dante, still another portrait of Pasadena pink.

20 HUSTLING IN L.A.: A DOCUMENTARY
Searing, honest account of the back-alley life by John ("City of Night") Rechy.

23 THE CHERI ORCHARD: COLUMNS BY LIBERATED WOMEN FOR LIBERATED MEN

31 FINALLY, RENEE ROUSSEAU IN LIVING COLOR!
Our personal ads columnist lets it all shine through.

39 50 WOMEN TO SPEND YOUR $50 REBATE ON
Let President Grits treat you to the ultimate orgasm . . .

45 THE GYPSY
The gal with the Romany clit.

54 SCREWBA DOOBA
Vinyl venality in the privacy of her own home.

63 PUBE LUBES
Everything you wanted to know about keeping your pole or her hole greased—and more.

66 VINNY SHINBLIND AT THE SEANCE
An invisible pussylapper makes a happy medium.

79 THE DIRTY OLD MAN SYNDROME
Most young girls thought he was disgusting—but she really dug the old guy.

86 DEBBIE THE MASO-TEEN
Nineteen-year-old Debbie still needs a sincere spanking.

93 ARE MEN THE ANSWER?
Well, whatthefuck is the question?

OUR GANG

A CHERI GUEST EDITORIAL

by the Rt. Rev. Honeysuckle Divine

Kellie Everts, vice president of the One World Light Church, just called me and said she saw all kinds of lights jumping around on the pages as she read Liz Ray's book, and she wants to ordain Liz Ray a minister of the One World Light Church. Kellie and I both feel Liz Ray is of the Light. We feel she is a spiritual person and we are very impressed with her book.

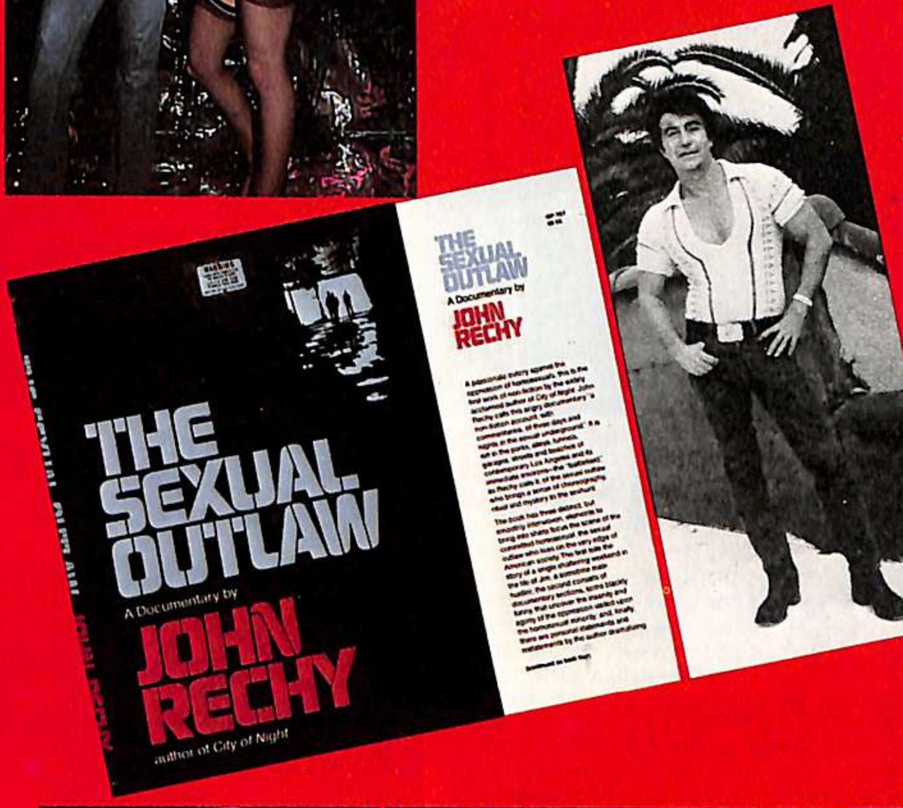
I heard Liz Ray is studying to become a Catholic. We are praying she will take one step beyond and join One World Light. I've heard that Liz Ray does not want to work as a stripper!

But, perhaps, in time, One World Light will help Liz Ray understand these things, to know being a stripper is not wrong, and teach her the ways of the Light. We feel Liz Ray is on a very high spiritual plane, even though she isn't perfect. We feel she is very good-hearted and can do much to help the poor and bring Light to others. We want Liz Ray to work and pray with us.

One World Light Church wants to help Father Genska, the Fransciscan Priest and friend of COYOTE, to build a 24-hour hospitality house for hookers in New York. It would provide legal and medical aid for hookers as well as a child care center for their children. I also envision a shelter with rooms to rent to strippers at a reasonable rate. Perhaps we could hold One World Light prayer meetings there. I would like to see such a COYOTE hospitality house in every major city. In time, perhaps the Salvation Army or other charitable organizations will help us.

Editor Andrea and film star Annie realize both their names begin with A and form a long lasting friendship. (What do you want—we were both bombed.)

Two CHERI family members, nymphet starlet Sharon Mitchell (left) and contributing editor Fanne Foxe (right) join forces in a new flick called Round the Round. Watch for it.



John Rechy, author of City of Night and Numbers, introduces his latest, soon-to-be bestseller The Sexual Outlaw.

WE LOVE HOOKERS: PART 1

Every now and then the CHERI crew takes a stand, which is unusually difficult since we spend most of our time face down dribbling onto the floor. HOWEVER, we felt it our moral and ethical responsibility to don our dancing duds and show our support at the COYOTE sponsored bash at New York's newly re-opened Copa—not only to hype the hustlers but to air Wolff's body by persuading him to boogey in black-tie.

(From r to l) Sue Feelie baring boob for R. Milner, Editor in Heat Peter Wolff eying Kinky Winky, Sue and Patti being questioned, Peters' Patti, Milner and Nicky (we love you Nicky), Peter giving Ambers the CHERI breast-test, Nicky and Kinky doing the hustler's hustle, Peter, Patti, Nicky, Sue, Peter with COYOTE rep., camera shy cumlet Michele Craven flanked by Peter and Sue, N.Y.'s socialite swinger Jo Jo.

AMERI cheri

WE LOVE HOOKERS!

PART 2

It is said by that wise old Chinaman, Schlong Hung Low, (owner of a lower east side frozen yogurt stand) that Manhattan socialites will go to the opening of an envelope. This may be true. *However* at the gala winter event touted as the COYOTE-sponsored First New York Hookers Ball, the chic-chic posh party-goers rubbed silky elbows with freaked out fucklings whose idea of an affair is the head ward-nurse extending TV time.

All in all the ball went smoothly, the only bumps coming from the pulsating half-clad bodies jostling for space on the tightly packed Copa dance floor. Star gazers whose minds hadn't been totally blitzed by the free-flowing flush of booze could have noticed some notable luminaries amidst the hoards of honies dressed to kill in tight neon minis and platformed shit-kickers. (One elegant guest whispered that the Pucci-clad cuties were the real walkers whereas the sleazed-up sweeties were the eastside ritzo bitches doing a fantasy trip.) COYOTE leader Margo St. James held court (left) as actor Kevin McCarthy, the sexy baby of bodysnatcher fame surveyed the scene (right). Geraldine's favorite stud, Flip Wilson, boogeyed (right below) and filmmaker Melvin Van Peebles chatted (far right) with New York prosty organizer, Margie Magu.

Booze, boogeying and broads brought the CHERI staff out of their respective holes (see OUR GANG). And check out this chick who swears she's an ex-roomie of one of our most popular CHERI ORCHARD columnists. Just in case you forgot the CHERI positon on hookers, it's this: We love them (frequently). It's our second favorite victimless crime (right behind betting the nags with a bookie). Viva COYOTE!

ERRATUM

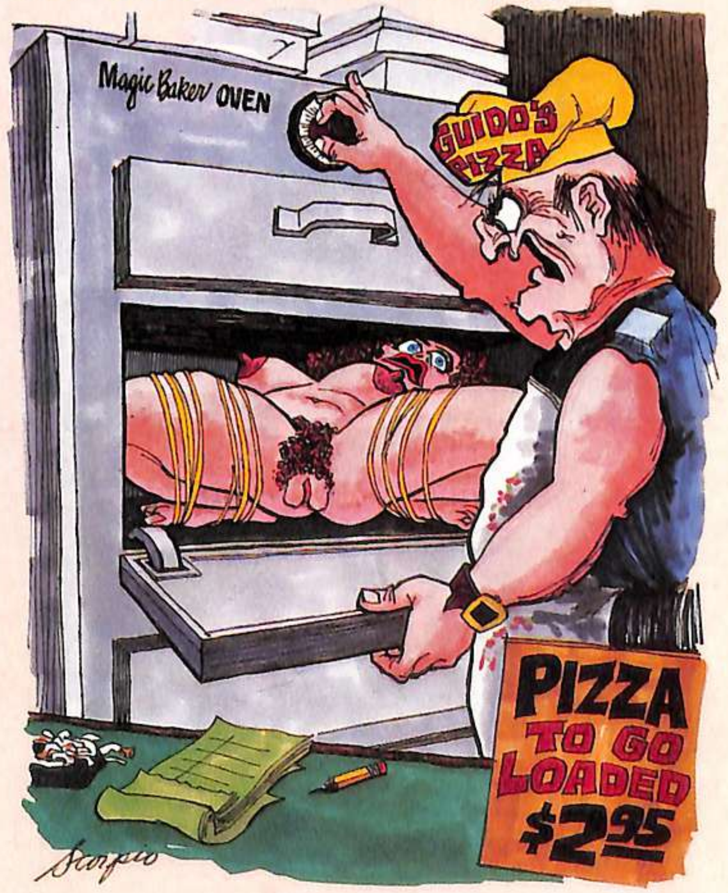
In Fanne Foxe's Miami report (CHERI, May 1977) the telephone number of the Playhouse One swing club was incorrect. The correct number is 305-484-5200.

THE BEARDED LADY

Who is this woman and why does she have a mouth where her cunt should be? Is she married? Is she clean? Does she do windows? Does she spit or swallow? Can she go the salsa? What does she think of ERA? Why are we asking all these dumb questions? Because Max Mann has fallen in love with this woman and is threatening to jump off the awning of the Poop Pizzeria if she is not delivered to his doorstep by June 22, 1977. Any hints about her whereabouts are sorely appreciated as Max Mann is the only one who knows the number of CHERI's secret Swiss bank account. We'd hate to lose him.

Heavy on the Anchovies, Guido!

We have never before felt it incumbent upon us to give tips to our readers on eating out, but since it has become apparent that the cookbook community is invading our field (viz. *Blue Skies, No Candy*), we've decided to respond in kind. When the CHERI staff is not eating each other, we can be found at the Poop Pizzeria in downtown Manhattan, sampling many of the unusual and delicious pies whipped up by chefs Guido and Gino. The Poop Special is a mixture of pepperoni, anchovy, kielbasi, chicken fat, kippers, chocolate mousse, and frogleg served on the loin of a Sicilian virgin. Derek ate three at one sitting last month and has been heard from since. Every three minutes.



GREAT AMERICAN CLITS: PART 2

AMERI

Another month has bitten the dust and still not one new tit or clit has arrived in the mails. This girl lives in New Jersey and the pictures were submitted by our good friend Tony Neste. The trouble is that Tony is a professional and The Great American Tits/Clits Talent Search is supposed to be a reader-created feature. What we want is for our friends out there to suggest the names and phone numbers of gals with really great tits or clits. From now on, to sweeten the pot, we'll provide a $50 "Scout's Fee" to anyone whose tip leads to our getting a model for this feature. Now don't go sending us the name of some busty old revivalist who's gonna be offended when we approach her. Anyone found guilty of such an offense will receive a particularly nasty visit from Mistress Roseanne, our own professional practitioner of pain.

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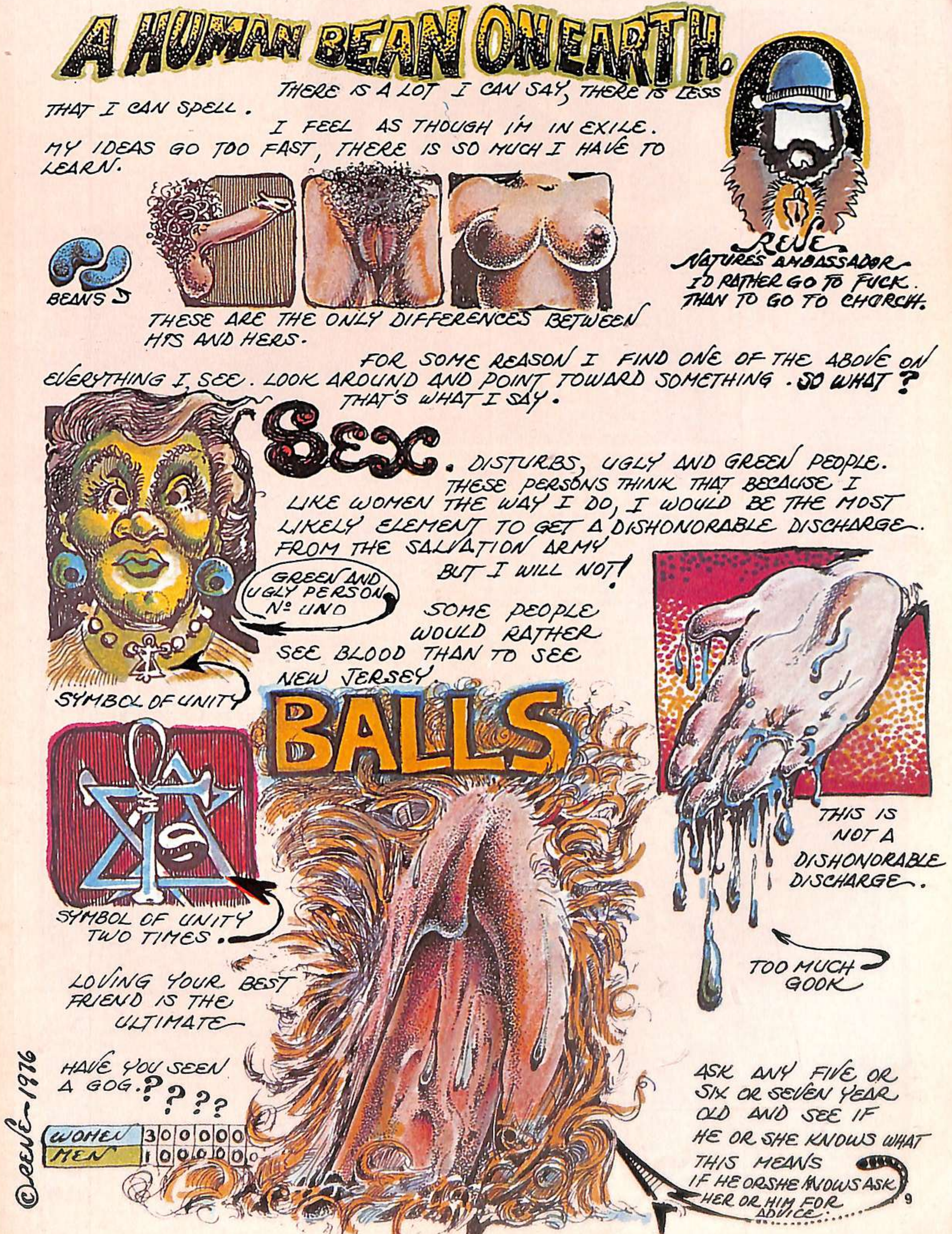

A HUMAN BEAN ON EARTH.
THERE IS A LOT I CAN SAY, THERE IS LESS THAT I CAN SPELL.
I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M IN EXILE.
MY IDEAS GO TOO FAST, THERE IS SO MUCH I HAVE TO LEARN.
BEANS
RENE
NATURE'S AMBASSADOR
I'D RATHER GO TO FUCK. THAN TO GO TO CHURCH.
THESE ARE THE ONLY DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HIS AND HERS.
FOR SOME REASON I FIND ONE OF THE ABOVE ON EVERYTHING I SEE. LOOK AROUND AND POINT TOWARD SOMETHING. SO WHAT? THAT'S WHAT I SAY.
SEX. DISTURBS, UGLY AND GREEN PEOPLE. THESE PERSONS THINK THAT BECAUSE I LIKE WOMEN THE WAY I DO, I WOULD BE THE MOST LIKELY ELEMENT TO GET A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE SALVATION ARMY
BUT I WILL NOT!
GREEN AND UGLY PERSON Nº UNO
SOME PEOPLE WOULD RATHER SEE BLOOD THAN TO SEE NEW JERSEY.
SYMBOL OF UNITY
BALLS
THIS IS NOT A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE.
SYMBOL OF UNITY TWO TIMES.
TOO MUCH GOOK
LOVING YOUR BEST FRIEND IS THE ULTIMATE
HAVE YOU SEEN A GOG.????
WOMEN 300000
MEN 1000000
ASK ANY FIVE OR SIX OR SEVEN YEAR OLD AND SEE IF HE OR SHE KNOWS WHAT THIS MEANS IF HE OR SHE KNOWS ASK HER OR HIM FOR ADVICE.
©RENE-1976

cheri

AMERI

PIECES OF ASS

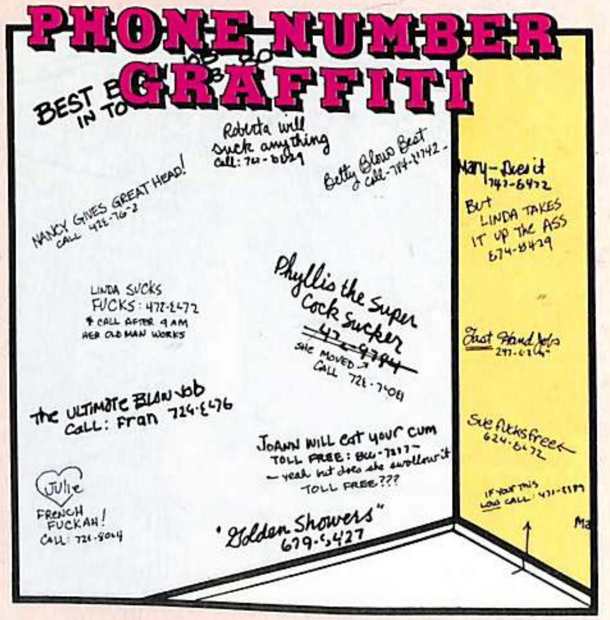
Why is this ass hard? Now it can be told. Apparently, for Francis the butt-fucking burro, the prospects of a date with Andrea Ambers (whose name he got out of the personals section of *The Farmers' Almanack*) were just too much to keep the boy down (on or off the farm!) Unfortunately, while he was standing up, she stood him up. So he settled for Michelle Craven. It was worth it. She not only got his nut but she brought him an autographed Ramones album. As for the ass on the right, its value is indicated by the chic Bi-Centennial pendant thereon affixed. One dollar American. But not just any old buck—a genuwine Dee-wight David Eisenhoosie 1976 silver dollar mounted on a 12-carat gold-filled frame with a lucite finish. The pendant is available for $34.95 from Jack Mandel, 799 Vivian Court, Baldwin, N.Y. 11005.

KNOTWORK
OTTA BINDER · DAWN KNOTTS

NO NAMES PLEASE

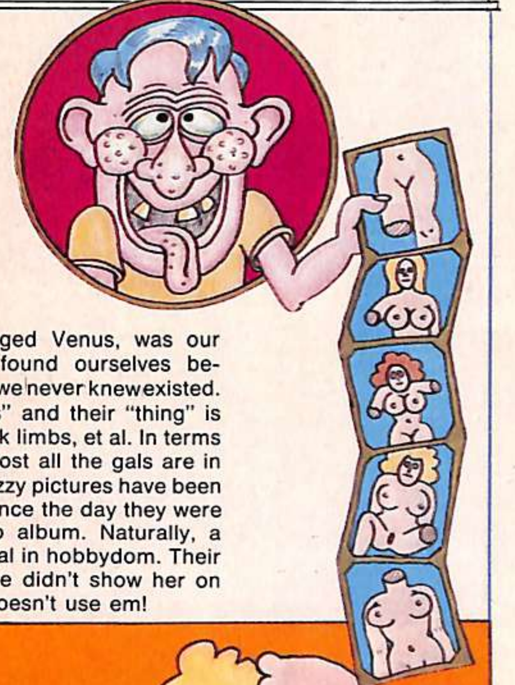
This month's putrid Hollywood gossip concerns a beautiful TV action-show supergirl and her long-time secret sugar-daddy, an aging movie baddy. Our gorgeous gal is heavily into bondage and humiliation and Mr. Hateable is just that in real-life. Lately, he's been leaving her dangling from the ceiling of her swank suburban pad for days on end—coming home only occasionally to feed her and change her bedpan. The boobiferous babe loves the agony but has trouble explaining those rope burns to cohorts on the set of her weekly filmings.

PHONE NUMBER GRAFFITI


BEST B
IN TO
Roberta will suck anything call: 7[illegible]-[illegible]
Betty Blows Best call-7[illegible]-[illegible]
NANCY GIVES GREAT HEAD! CALL 4[illegible]-76-2
Mary - Does it 747-6472
But LINDA TAKES IT UP THE ASS 674-8429
LINDA SUCKS FUCKS: 472-2472 * CALL AFTER 4 AM HER OLD MAN WORKS
Phyllis the Super Cock Sucker
~~47[illegible]-97[illegible]~~
SHE MOVED → CALL 72[illegible]-7408
Just Hand Jobs 247-[illegible]
the ULTIMATE BLOW Job CALL: Fran 724-[illegible]476
JOANN WILL eat your cum TOLL FREE: 8[illegible]-7[illegible] — yeah but does she swallow it TOLL FREE???
Sue Fucks free 624-[illegible]72
Julie FRENCH FUCKAH! CALL: 72[illegible]-8014
"Golden Showers" 679-5427
IF YOUR THIS LOW CALL: 4[illegible]
Ma

You've read about her on subways, in toilets, in phone booths. Who is she? That lucky girl whose sexual prowess so impresses her buddies that they advertise her phone number with carefree abandon in public places all over the neighborhood. Now you're going to meet that girl right here in CHERI. But we need your help! Send us photographs of the sleazy slogans that are scribbled and scratched into *your* town's john-doors, etc. What we'll do is to call those phone numbers and find whether "Fanny" really "fucks fists" or "Suzy sucks slit the best." Has anyone out there ever had any success with one of these numbers? CHERI wants to know what's what and who's who. Are these numbers the open-sesame to cunt-oozing poozle or just a ploy to irritate somebody's grandmother. Even as you read, we have a specially-selected squad of CHERI spotters sniffing bar-shitters and leafing through public phone directories for leads. Send *your* leads to PHONE SEARCH, c/o CHERI, 208 E 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

THE UPDATED FUCK & WANGER'S DICTIONARY

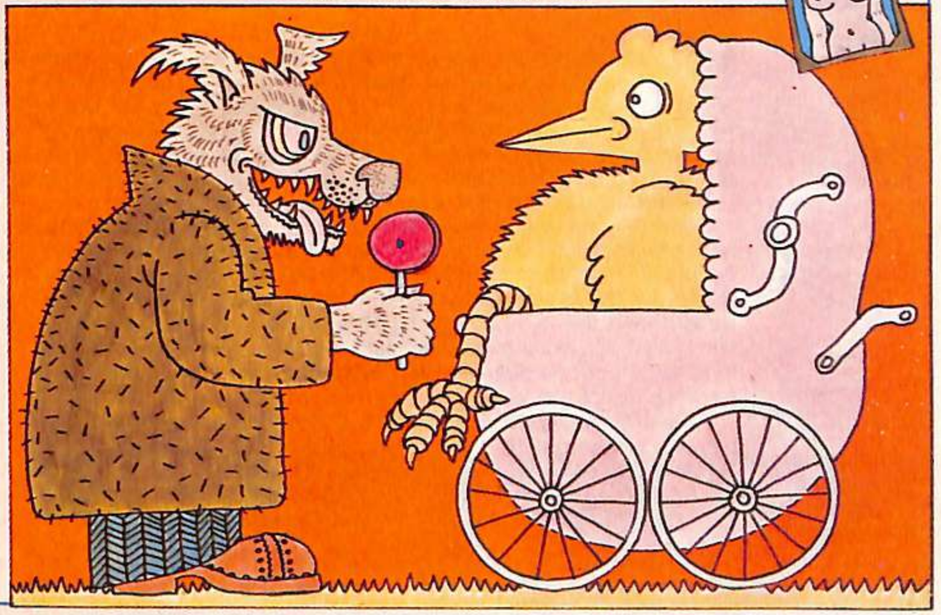


hob·by·ism

Every since Long Jeanne Silver, the redoubtable one-legged Venus, was our centerfold in February, we've found ourselves befriended by a mystery sex cult we never knew existed. They call themselves "Hobbyists" and their "thing" is trading photos of women who lack limbs, et al. In terms of flesh, it's very tame stuff: almost all the gals are in undies or bathing suits and the fuzzy pictures have been reproduced hundreds of times since the day they were stolen from some private photo album. Naturally, a nudie like our Jeanne is a big deal in hobbydom. Their biggest beef with us was that we didn't show her on crutches. Sorry, fellas, Jeanne doesn't use em!

irma·la·douce nite

In Miami, it's called "Irma La Douce Nite". In Baltimore, they call it "A Night on 14th Street" (undoubtedly a local hooker strip). What it is, is a new kind of game played at swing parties. It works like this: all the men are given X-amount of funny money at the start of the evening. At the end of the evening, the gal who's managed to divert most of these funds to her own pocket is declared the winner. It's a pro-am fuckfest!



chick·en·porn

This is the one that's got them all hot and bothered. Chicken porn is the name given to films and magazines which use very young kids as models. Although increasingly in evidence, these items are not nearly available in the epidemic proportions we've been hearing about. Sure, there are lots of problems with this kind of material—but just keep in mind that anti-sexual crusaders often use piety about juveniles to mask their hatred for sexuality in general.

WHAT'S NEW IN GRUNT CALLS

Ever since Sue Feele got booted upstairs, we seem to have lost contact with this nation's grunt-call population. In an effort to re-establish communications, we're happy to announce that for one week only we'll be installing the incredibly lovely Mimi Mammari (May, 1977) at one of our phones for the express purpose of finding out what's new in the world of the pornographic tinkle. If you've worked out any particularly gross or novel routines in the last few months, feel free to call Mimi at 212-983-5613. She will answer *only* that line, and *only* from 10 am to 5 pm (New York time) from May 3 to May 6. Your call will be recorded.

Out of the mouths of cocksuckers...

Bobbi Sheehan of California beats her own drum: "I want to write about my feelings on giving a blowjob. I love to suck cock. I feel weird sometimes because I'd rather suck cock than fuck. My mouth actually craves a cock. The soft, warm feel is great. It's great when one grows in my mouth. I love to go down between a man's legs, lick his thighs, hips, all around his balls, sucking, licking that beautiful cock. I lick the head and down the sides. I take in a little at a time, teasing, sucking, till all at once it's down my throat. Then the explosion I've longed for. It's like a volcano exploding in me. I guess that explains that certain glow I have. It must be that fiery hot liquid. If I were a cock, I would want a mouth that would cherish and make love to me as a god. A tongue to lick me up and down. Lips to caress and make me grow. A mouth with feelings all around to bring me the ecstasy a burning mouth brings. If only I were a cock and could cum in a burning mouth, one which would do anything to capture every drop and smile while taking it. Cocks of the world, come on in and let me show you feelings of pleasure and ecstasy. You will never forget it." Needless to say, Bobbi's the third semifinalist in our $1000 cocksucking contest.

Cherry Bomb's ROCK WORLD

AMERI cheri

Hey, tit fans. Or is it rock fans? Or both? Well either's fine, 'cause a fan is a fan, and I love you all. When you read this, it'll finally be starting to warm up, but right now, due to this 'freeze-your-pussy-off' weather, I'm trying to spend most of my nights indoors. Not that it's easy when I'm trying to track down certain bands. Sure, they always get in touch with me when they arrive in town, but since nobody comes to my house (what would my boyfriend think?), I have to freeze my ass traveling around.

From the letters I've been receiving, it would appear that many of you have been staying home too. After all, what better way to keep warm than a couple of joints, some hard music, and a bit of soixante-neuf? I've also had to stay by the phone a bit, as one of my mainstay sources of rock information has been on the road for a few weeks with a British band that is breaking big here. She's in it strictly for her shot at fucking the prettiest guy in the band. A week ago she dolled up, looking really smokin and went to a party after one of their concerts. She paid extra attention to the singer in question, but he didn't get the message. Finally, while sitting next to him at dinner, she reached under the table and took his cock out of his pants.

At last he understood. He excused himself and my friend from dinner and ushered her up to his room, fingering her hot box on the trip up the elevator. Finally, they got into his room, and no sooner was the door closed then she was on her knees sucking him dry. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. It was his manager, letting him know that his wife poor honey. A similar incident happened to me, the difference being that the guy told his wife to fuck off. This led to their divorce proceedings, and a big pain in the jugs for me. I really can't discuss it, although I will say it was a fuck worth waiting for.

An incredible incident recently happened to my girlfriend Carla, who works at one of New York's most posh massage parlors. It seems that members of groups that have been playing in or just visiting the city, have been visiting the parlor often. She just eats it up (you should see), sometimes running into friends from bands that don't know she works there. Last month she got a real rock shocker. Three members of an English progressive rock band, who were giants for years and have since gone their own ways, came for a visit. After chatting for a bit, the drummer asked Carla for a massage. They went upstairs, negotiated some money, and she began to blow him. *Nothing happened!* She tried for a while to find out what was wrong, and finally he owned up. He was gay. What's more, his whole band was gay . . . and he hadn't been near a woman in over three years. Carla started laughing. Not because of him, but the whole macho/rock/stud-cum-fag trip. He laughed too, which eased any tension. She then brought him back to manhood. He's been back many times, and Carla is very proud of herself. She's got many other tales from the house of fun.

(Continued on page 77)

CLAM·O·RAMA

CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

By
ROBERT AMSEL

ODYSSEY Even a Cincinnati jury would sleep through Gerard Damiano's latest self-indulgence called *Odyssey*, but the filmmaker's name will no doubt spur audience attendance. When it comes to erotic visuals, Damiano is indeed an artist. But when it comes to writing scripts, Damiano sucks more than any of the actresses involved in this pretentious bore. The film is meant to be a series of vignettes illustrating various sexual problems. But the simpleminded dialogue does little to illuminate any of the characters' problems, but only serves as an embarrassing introduction to the imaginatively shot sexcapades. Lovely Susan McBain shines in an almost non-vocal role of a model-prostie at the end of her rope, while Gloria Leonard is ravishing as a lesbian on the prowl.

PORTRAIT OF SEDUCTION This turgid tale of a young man who seduces his stepmother under his father's roof is hampered by the sort of dismal, dreary dialogue that gives soap operas a bad name. The sexual encounters are dynamic, however, and may save this flick from otherwise well-deserved obscurity. Newcummer Vicki Lyon is uninhibited where it counts. Not only does this blonde spitfire gobble cock like a crazed hen, she salivates over such delicacies as reaming and cornholing. Her marvelous muff was made to accommodate advancing armies. Miss Lyon is well oiled and serviced by sex partners Jeff Stern and Monique Cardin.

DIVERSIONS Heather Deeley excels in this British import about a multitude of female fantasies, which include S/M, B/D, rape, necrophilia, terminal sex, murder, fruit fetishism, lesbian lust, sex for sale, copulation with ghosts and other fun-filled diversions for the entire family—the Manson family. But it's all done in good, clean fun with a voluptuous leading tour guide who can act as well as fuck—a rare feat in X-rated pics. The severed cock scene is not recommended for men with weak stomachs, but it's the one grisley note in an otherwise exceptional porn product.

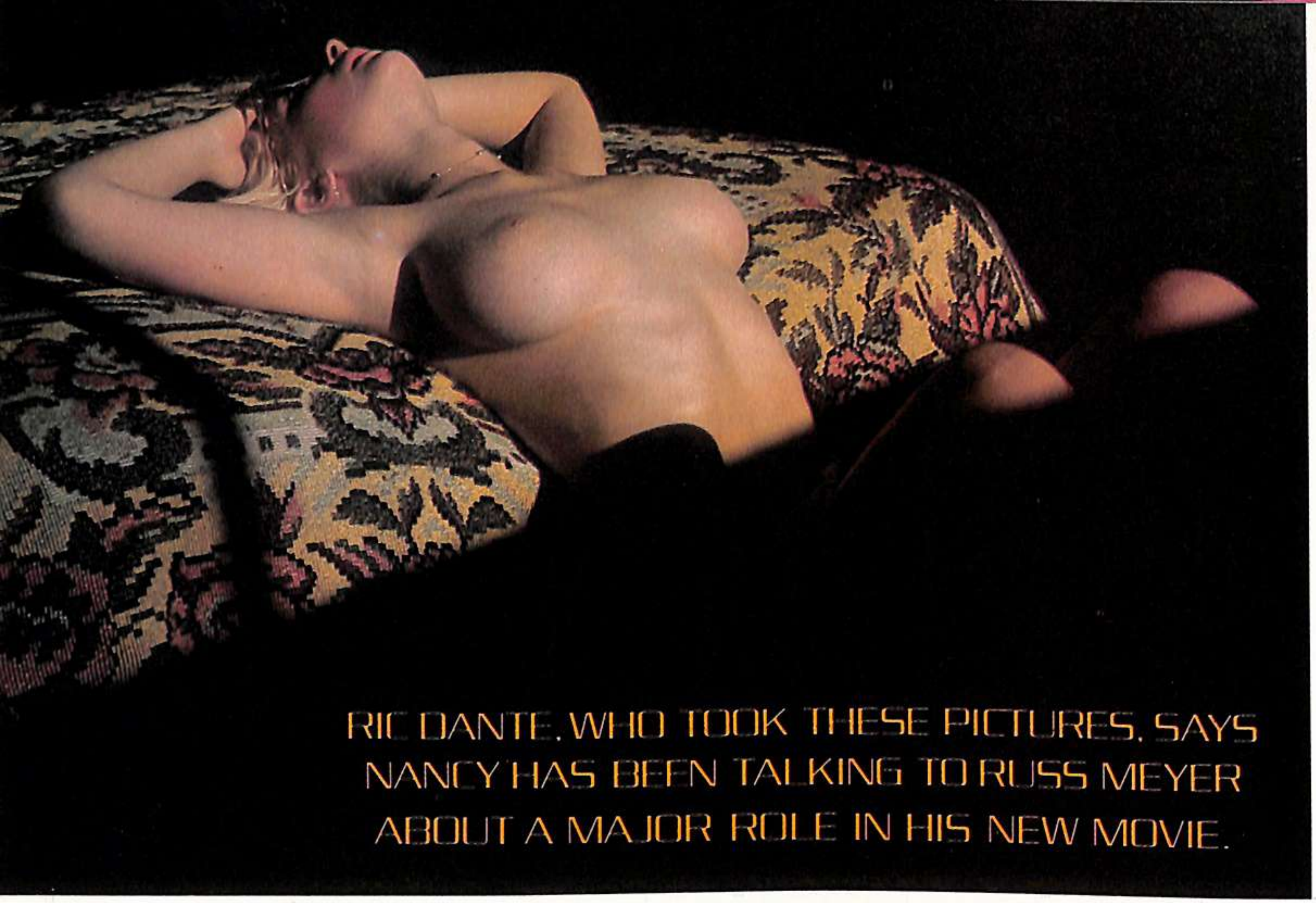
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA This *Tom Jones*-flavored Eighteenth Century romp casts Jean Jennings as a fourteen-year-old virgin on the verge. Told through the eyes of a loud-mouthed flea whose mobile home is Miss Jennings' crotch, an era of lechery, debauchery, and healthy hedonism comes to stylish life. Once her cherry is pitted, the heroine develops into a full-fledged whore, sampling the gargantuan goodies offered to her by three wayward priests, two randy farmers, a snaggle-toothed uncle, and a wicked neighbor and his nubile daughter. Other females in the cast—Annette Haven and Joanna Hilden— share some of the banquet. John Leslie excels as a horny friend tricked into deflowering his own daughter.

THE KINKY LADIES OF BOURBON STREET Terminal sex is the name of the game in this French import, featuring the creme de la creme of Gallic pussy. Four gorgeous ladies—bent on suicide—decide to leave the world with a bang, as many bangs in fact as their muffs can accommodate. Helga Trixi, Dawn Cumming, Penelope Lamour, and Veronique Monod are the four French pastries, all cream-filled. The sexpert photography will have your saliva dripping—among other things—as this high-class raunch product stimulates, titillates, and continuously delivers.

BLONDE VELVET The succulent sensuality of Jennifer Welles is once again explored in this paeon to pulchritude. Jennifer plays a dragon lady with a yen for men who will bend to her diabolical plans of espionage and blackmail. The complex plot serves to expose the raw talent of this celluloid siren, who lights up the screen with every wiggle of her delectable derriere or bounce of her bigger-than-life bazooms. Ably assisted by Suzanne McBain, Sarah Nicholson and other fabulous felines, Jennifer gives another of her eye-opening, fly-opening performances as she turns the United Nations into a bawdy house. Porn patrons will be groveling at her feet.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RIC DANTE

BELLE, BUSH, AND BANANA



RIC DANTE, WHO TOOK THESE PICTURES, SAYS NANCY HAS BEEN TALKING TO RUSS MEYER ABOUT A MAJOR ROLE IN HIS NEW MOVIE.

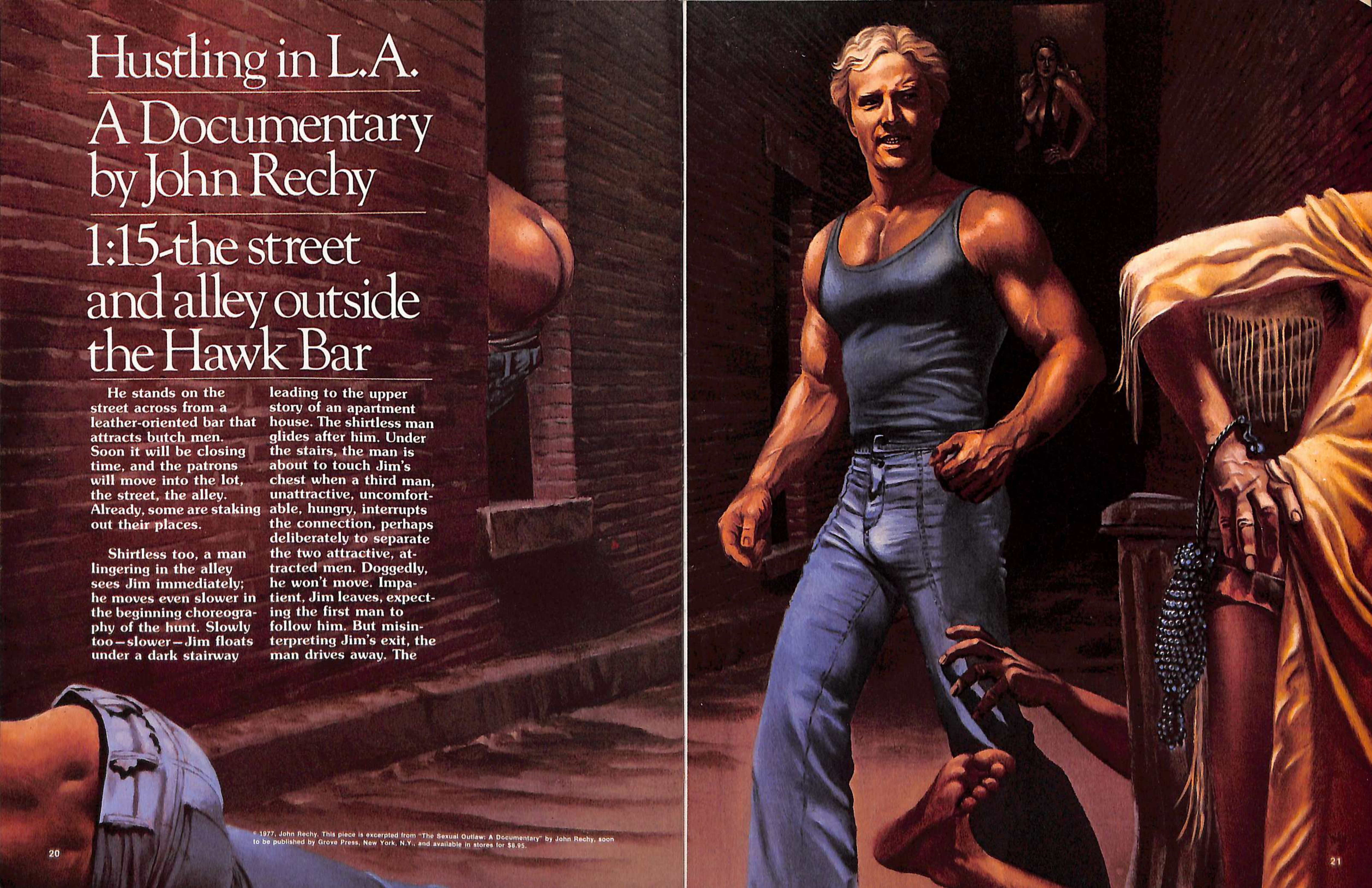
NANCY HAILS FROM OREGON WHERE THEY STILL PREFER APPLES TO BANANAS, THE FOOLS!

Here's another beautiful set of gash shots from the supercreative lens of Ric Dante, the *L.A. Star*'s long-time underground photographic genius. In the past, Ric's color essays (*The Porn Commune* in issue #1 and *Khristina* in issue #6) have centered around the groovy hippy-dippies who're making the cultural and moral revolution in the L.A. area. This issue, for the first time, he takes on an outsider, the redoubtable Nancy Manning, an aspiring actress (Russ Meyer is hot on her shapely tail) and a girl whose photos have already appeared in such magazines as *Hustler*. As usual, he does a super job.

Hustling in L.A.

A Documentary by John Rechy

1:15-the street and alley outside the Hawk Bar



He stands on the street across from a leather-oriented bar that attracts butch men. Soon it will be closing time, and the patrons will move into the lot, the street, the alley. Already, some are staking out their places.

Shirtless too, a man lingering in the alley sees Jim immediately; he moves even slower in the beginning choreography of the hunt. Slowly too—slower—Jim floats under a dark stairway leading to the upper story of an apartment house. The shirtless man glides after him. Under the stairs, the man is about to touch Jim's chest when a third man, unattractive, uncomfortable, hungry, interrupts the connection, perhaps deliberately to separate the two attractive, attracted men. Doggedly, he won't move. Impatient, Jim leaves, expecting the first man to follow him. But misinterpreting Jim's exit, the man drives away. The

© 1977, John Rechy. This piece is excerpted from "The Sexual Outlaw: A Documentary" by John Rechy, soon to be published by Grove Press, New York, N.Y., and available in stores for $8.95.

1:15-the street and alley outside the Hawk Bar

unattractive man remains abandoned under the stairs.

In the alley, in a recessed entrance to a building, the door boarded, two men are moaning softly. Jim is about to move away when the one being fucked reaches out toward his cock. Jim enters the enclosure. Now the man being fucked blows Jim.

Along the alley, a white, luminous crystal web of carlights entraps them threateningly.

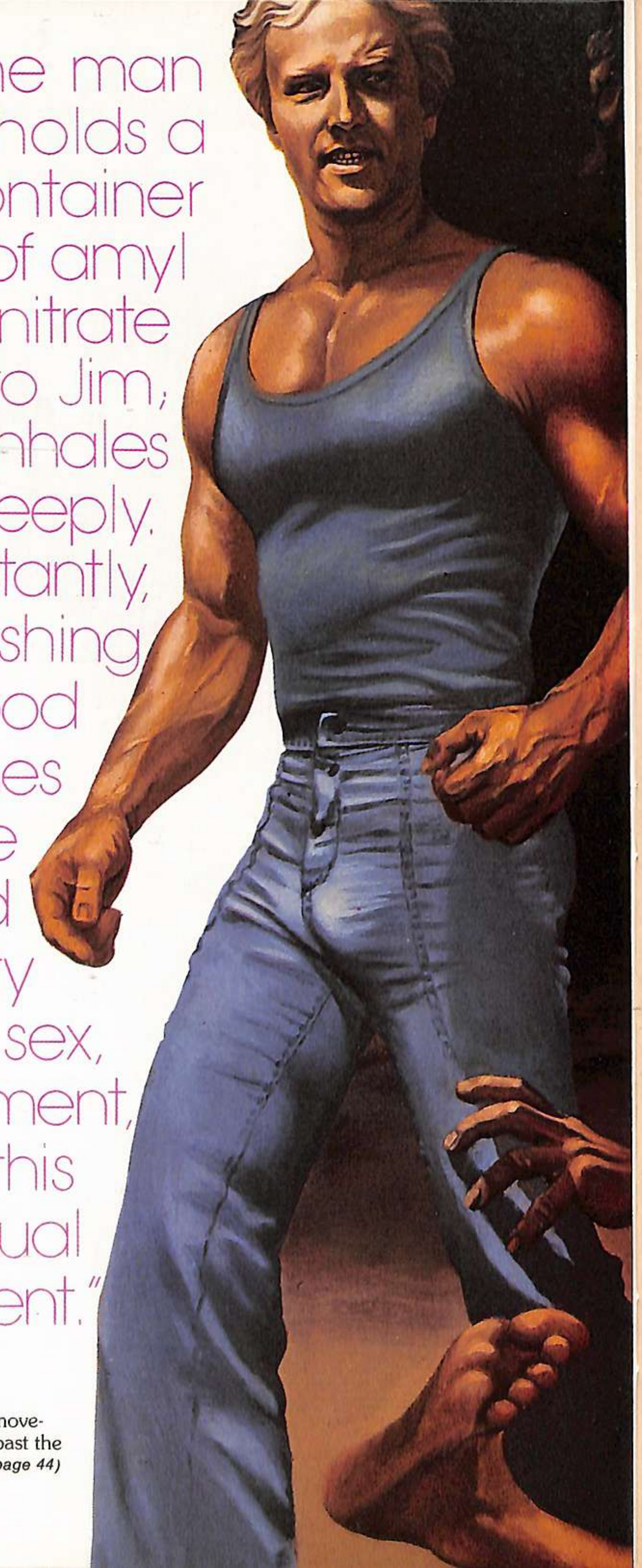
The three bodies press against the boarded door, the connections severed. Not the cops.

Jim crosses the street. More outlaws are leaving the closing bar. An attractive man begins to cruise him. Now another, equally attractive, glances at both, situating himself in the middle. Jim walks away hurriedly; the possibility that they might prefer each other, not him, terrifies him. Even with all the night's conquests, one rejection might crush him. . . . He walks past an abandoned house—for sale as long as he can remember. In the shadows an unattractive man is jerking off; everyone walks by, ignoring him.

Jim moves to the other side of the house. Dried weeds crack brittlely under his feet. A blond man with a dark stubble of beard follows him into the velvet darkness. Jim waits. The man holds a container of amyl nitrite to Jim; he inhales deeply. Instantly, the rushing blood crushes time and reality into sex, this moment, this sexual moment. Sex-senses pulse violently. Back to Jim, the man lowers his own pants, the naked ass squirms against Jim's quickly hard cock, the man guides it with his hand to the vaseline-prepared opening. Instead, in one movement, Jim pushes his middle finger into the oily opening, past the brushing hairs, into the knotted button

(Continued on page 44)

"The man holds a container of amyl nitrate to Jim; he inhales deeply. Instantly, the rushing blood crushes time and reality into sex, this moment, this sexual moment."



THE SLAVE TRADE

photo by JAMES E. JACKSON

Terry stays on her knees a lot, which gives her a particular view of the world. Crooning "Love Hurts" in a way Linda Ronstadt would never understand, she's founded the Masochist Lib section of the NY Eulenspiegel Society and has the welts to prove it. Submissive, given to voluptuous surrender and many splendored bruises, she demurely awaits your communications at CHERI.

TERRY PREACHES PROSTIE POWER

by TERRY KOLB

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Prostitutes, hypocritically reviled in the past have recently been glamorizd in men's magzines as super groovy women. This glamorization of prostitutes is a form of co-opting or blunting the revolutionary significance of a prostitute's existence. Simply by *being* a prostitute, a woman is telling men some very swift home-truths about the society created of men, by men, and for men.

This basis of our—and it's really *yours*, men—patriarchal society, is the family. The family, like the Queen, is a sacred cow. The vast majority of johns are married, and view their marriages as being above reproach. They have no intention of letting their wild oats slop over into their married life.

Although I am not a prostitute and am, therefore, not the best qualified to be writing this, I can really relate to this scene because many men in Eulenspiegel have treated me exactly like a prostitute (except that they didn't offer me any money). That is quite understandable in the light of patriarchal values. I am the free woman, who does not belong to a husband. I am openly deviate in my sex life. Therefore, to these bozos I represent fun without commitment. I had a slave whom I had met at Eulenspiegel; sometimes I like to see how the other half lives. This "slave" had a wife who was even more a slave than he was. She raised all his kiddies but was not enough of a "life companion" to be let in on any of his Eulenspiegel activities. In short, he kept his family life completely separate from his Eulenspiegel life. Like any other fun-loving john out on the town, he made the rounds to all the women in the Club, getting what he could from each one of them, promising each one, in turn, his Undying Devotion. This illustrates the fact that a male slave can be every bit as chauvinistic as a male master. The chauvinism is not inherent in the S/M relationship but in the patriarchal attitudes which men bring to either role in the relationship.

Yes, the passing of patriarchy is the family which provides an orderly way of passing down property as well as conservative values to future generations. However, the family is much too stultifying an institution for men to confine themselves to. Therefore, they have devised a system of morality which effectively confines their women to the family and allows them the freedom to roam. This is where the prostitutes or "bad" women come in. The prostitute is a woman who willingly or unwillingly turned her back on the Cinderella myth of Prince Charming. She stands somewhat midway between the traditional woman ("He won't buy the cow if he can get the milk for free . . .") and the "hip" woman who believes in free love. The prostitute maintains the traditional idea that the battle of the sexes involves material transactions (an idea which the "hip" woman rejects). But she, unlike the traditional woman, opts for cold cash.

The traditional wife, for all her hard-headed materialism, is still a romantic. She believes she will be swept away on a magic carpet by her man and cared for the rest of her life. If it is a typical marriage, she finds herself sharing less and less of his life as the marriage continues. He is busy with his job and his mistresses while she remains his full time drudge, and the nursemaid of his children. She *does* receive material rewards but seldom sees the fancy nightclubs where he takes his mistress.

The prostitute rejects this life-long contract. Her contract lasts a matter of hours and is more highly paid than are most other arrangements. The john does not have to offer any candy or flowers or time or lies. Just money. The materialistic basis of his relationships with all women is laid bare here. Women are deliberately kept poor so that they will have to sell themselves to men in one way or another. Prostitution is the most honest, if the most brutal, expression of this financial arrangement.

But what of the "hip" woman, the rebel who rejects materialism entirely in her relationships with men. If the prostitute gets monetary gain without love, and the housewife gets a modest monetary gain with tepid love; the free woman expects to give and receive love without monetary gain. She is independent financially. She works and pays her own bills and expects her man, or men, to do likewise. She makes her own rules and will not let anyone tell her how to live. This last lifestyle suited me best of all three described. It most clearly resembled the freedom that men seemed to be enjoying. It was also the lifestyle which men seemed to be urging on women. My bubble burst one day when I !ooked around and saw that I was all alone out there. The men were behind me all right, *way* behind! "Free love" is a lifestyle intended for women only. I can go on making my **coolie** wages and freely giving of myself. Meanwhile, the men are freely taking while their money and energy goes to the "materialistic" women, whores and housewives. Freedom's wonderful, ain't it, boys!

It's scarey out on the limb. It is insecure, especially when those cold winter winds blow, shaking the whole tree. You men are all too reluctant to climb out there with me. You prefer the warmth of the family, applauding me on from afar while I freeze my butt off. Why don't you come out here with me? Share the challenge and the triumph. Only equality in struggle can lead to equality in love.

I refuse to give more than I get from pseudo-revolutionary men. I also refuse to be a household drudge with no freedom or independence of my own. Men who pretend to be doing my thing, but who are really maintaining their own conservative lifestyle, have already been treating me like a whore for years but I've been a slow learner.

Prostitutes have achieved a degree of independence. They let themselves be used

(Continued on page 92)

DIVINE DECADENCE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by MAUREEN MURPHY

LETTERS . . . ESPECIALLY FROM PRISONERS

The magnificent Maureen edits the L.A. Sun *and* His & Hers, *two really fun rags with no socially redeeming value whatsoever. Her moods and fortunes seem to follow the lunar tides. She's constantly battling the forces of repression—from traffic cops to publishing pervos. Keeping up in tune with West Coast wickedness, Maureen can be reached by writing to her c/o CHERI.*

photo by PETER HURD

I hope I'm not starting off by sounding a bit tacky. But, I feel I must make a public apology to CHERI and you my dear faithful, loyal, understanding, and supportive readers. The reason my column hasn't appeared a couple of times was due to a lack of organization; (mentally, physically, environmentally and transportationally), on my part. Anyhow, I'm back in the saddle again.

Maybe all of my previous statements might mean male bovine feces to some of you out there in readersville. If so, fuck off! Those of you who didn't even miss me, who didn't even realize my presence was nowhere to be found, you haven't been doing your reading! No! You've just been drooling over tits and ass.

I shall now take my bow on this conversation, as I am bored with it and sense that perhaps you are, too!

Now, I'll just start this ball of fire barrelling on down the freeway in the fast lane! With what? With a few extraordinary, extremely interesting, and occasionally mind-boggling letters I've received from columns of mine in earlier CHERI issues.

Maureen,

Hi! I would like to write to you about your words in the November issue. About your "California seaside sludge" and "on this farm there was a pig". Was it a joke?

How can you even sleep after writing what you did?

Those things are very serious to me. I want to believe you, but Maureen, the women I have loved shoved your words down your throat. And I am the one who pays.

I am the gentle lover who is laughed at and rejected. I am the one who loves to eat pussy and caress a woman to praise her. I am the twenty-year-old virgin.

I am the one who writes poems and felt like you were laughing at me. If there was honestly, truthfully, a difference between fucking and making love then I would not be alone.

I'm not *guilty Maureen!!! Then why must I pay for the crimes of other men while you go on being fucked and writing about how much you hate it.*

I would like to believe you're not a hypocrite.

I can only say, "What about me?!" Your article really upset me. I had convinced myself that celibacy might be the only way out of that female HELL!

Society condemns a man for giving. If "rape" is what makes a man a man, then I would rather die. So what about me, Maureen?! If you mean what you say please shine a little light on me. Please share a little with me. Please send a note.

You're a fine writer, a fine lady, a great journalist. (You don't need me to tell you that.)

What happens to those men "women's lib" leaves behind, stranded?

Do you hate me? Or do you like me?

Which is the easier path for a young man? Rape or decency?

YOU *Maureen! You are the ones who make rape easier. I think you're the one who makes the "innocent pleasure of giving to people" a struggle. Or are you?*

I would give anything to be able to go to bed with you. But a woman is so deep; so full of dreams.

Would it be too much to ask you to call me some time where I work? Just three minutes of your time, can you spare that?

I work at night at the Ramada Inn here in M——: Call collect between 11:00 and 7:00. Or come let me eat you for hours.

I guess women are conditioned to expect dominance. That hurts me. (Dominance is fine but . . .) Sometimes it seems that there's not a woman in the world who would share even one minute with me.

I'm too messed up to even write to you.

I wish there was a way to dare you to "prove it"!

I saw a picture of you. I'd love to eat that pussy! Mmmmmmmmmmm!

Paul

Dear Paul:

How can I sleep at night after writing what I write? With a prescription of Quaaludes, a few good joints and a quick glimpse of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. After which my problems seem like molehills.

Now, I have a question for you, Paul. How can those girls you have dated in the past shove *my* words down *my* throat? You're doing the shoving. And you say you are the one who pays. *I* pay for what *I* say.

We all are gentle at one time or another and then get kicked in the teeth and rejected. That's life, but is this living?

I did say I hated being "fucked." Because Paul, I prefer to make love. And I've been in the porno industry long enough to realize that there *is* a difference.

Don't get stuck in Limbo trying to figure out where you go. Just go. Don't play roles or try and live up to the images of woman and man that have been imprinted on your brain.

I don't hate you, Paul. You've painted a picture with words maybe my eyes would've never seen. How can I hate you when we can relate? We both write, breathe, eat. You're no different, neither am I.

I admit I'm outspoken with my beliefs and my attitudes, but just because I state them doesn't necessarily mean I'm right! Lordy, no. I'm just hard-headed.

Don't rape anyone either. That's stupid, ridiculous and a mortal sin! A real big no-no! And as Peter Wolff would say, "A boner"!

Love
Maureen

Maureen,

Just got done reading CHERI magazine for the first time in my life and thought I would write you a few lines.

(Continued on page 92)

THE BEEHIVE

photo by PETER HURD

What kind of girl would make a living twanging golf balls out of her twat, puffing cigars in her puss and spouting Jergen's lotion like an upside down Old Faithful? Who but Honeysuckle Divine, the world's most soulful stripper, whose monthly—in every sense of the world—misfirings have graced our pages and confused our priorities for almost a year now. Write her c/o CHERI, especially if you have a juicy dream for our pussy-popping pretty to analyze.

MOTEL MENACE WITH A DEAD DICK

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

One day I dreamed of a man in a park. It meant I would become terribly frightened. I was working at the Redwood Lounge in Pittston, Pennsylvania, at that time.

At work that night, I was very tense, looking all around the dressing room in case someone might be hiding in there. I made the sign of the cross before and after each performance, and wondered what on earth was going to happen to frighten me.

The night went by very pleasantly. The audience was wonderful, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I left for my motel room, only a short distance away. I was still puzzled, as I safely walked down the hall to my room, because I knew my dream symbols never failed me. Something was going to happen.

I turned the key in the lock and the door easily opened. Then I stopped dead in my tracks. The light was off! I distinctly remembered leaving it turned on because I knew I was going to become frightened, and I *hate* to become frightened in the dark. The bathroom light was still on and shining into the room. I looked on the floor and saw some splinters of wood, wondering, as I stood in the doorway staring at it all, if somehow the light switch had exploded. As I stood there pondering this mystery I heard a slight rustle of sound behind the door. I looked and there stood a *naked man*! God! Did I scream!! What frightened me most was that he didn't have a hardon. Somehow, I couldn't help but look at his cock as it hung limply between his big round balls. In retrospect, I believe his balls were hard.

ALL MY INSTINCTS WARNED ME AGAINST A NAKED MAN WITH A LIMP COCK AND HARD BALLS STANDING BEHIND MY MOTEL ROOM DOOR. I am an avid mystery reader, preferring Ellery Queen, Alfred Hitchcock, Sherlock Holmes, and my all-time favorite, Agatha Christie. It is common knowledge to a crime reader that if someone is going to cut your throat they should do it with your clothes off, so there won't be any blood stains on their clothing. They can always wash the blood off your body before they leave.

I really believed he was hired to kill me. If all he was going to do was rape me, why wouldn't he have a hardon? I think he planned on grabbing me from behind, holding a hand over my mouth so I couldn't scream, and then slashing my throat. He had to either knock me out from behind or kill me, because, you see, I knew him! He worked in the bar at the motel. Later I discovered that the splinters of wood on the floor were from where he had forced the door open by splitting the side of the wooden wall into which the blade of the door knob fitted. He probably could easily have picked the lock, but since he worked there he had to make it appear broken into by an outsider. He knew I'd recognize him, so somehow he must have been planning to do it without my seeing him if I were to live. I would have had a nasty bump on the back of my head the next day, or would have been dead.

It was a terrifying ordeal. I was in a state of shock. In all my years of staying in hotels and living in apartments alone, it was my first experience of that nature. I screamed and ran out to the fire escape, screaming so loudly that people must have heard me a mile away. "Somebody call the police! There is a naked man in my room!"

The motel manager lived in a room not far from mine. He was out in the hall in a flash. Some sweet, brave man from another room ventured out to help also. I was hysterical.

The motel manager asked the man what in the hell he was doing, as the man got dressed to go. He explained he got sleepy, wanted to sleep in one of the rooms, and went into my room by mistake. I screamed and yelled that the police were too good for him, that I was going to send some friends around to torture him so badly he'd be begging them to kill him, to put him out of his misery. I told him he didn't know who I was, and he was really going to be sorry.

Actually, I *did* put a witch's curse on him. But after I thought it over I felt very badly about it. Someone told me he left town the next day and his mother was very worried about him. His mother was the poor victim.

I thought back to his smiling face as he served me drinks at the motel bar, and the autographed pictures I had given him, and I felt a bit guilty. Did I cause him to do this by giving him those pictures and acting nice to him? I had the same feeling I used to have when I worked in "The Block" in Baltimore and took a bus home to Washington, D.C. every night. Sometimes there would be a horrible wreck on the highway with several young men's bodies thrown all about. I always closed my eyes, made the sign of the cross, blinked back the tears and prayed it wasn't any of the customers I had been urging to drink champagne with me. And somewhere, in the pit of my stomach I wondered if perhaps I should find a different profession.

The motel manager fixed the door and I stayed the rest of that week, and even the next week there. I didn't blame the motel or the town because it is the sort of thing that can happen anywhere.

I loved Pittston, Pennsylvania. It is a small town close to Scranton. It reminded me of a small town in Iowa where I had lived for five years. It has an atmosphere hard to describe. Everyone knew everyone. I can't explain it, but I had to fight back the tears as I left Pittston the first time I was there.

I was having breakfast as I was waiting for my bus, and a young blue-eyed blond guy gave me the eye and we started talking. He reminded me so much of my childhood sweetheart. I kept thinking that perhaps I should have stayed in that little town back in Iowa and married him. I worked Pittston three

(Continued on page 98)

KANSAS CITY STARK

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by JODY MAXWELL

JUICY JODY: FIT TO BE TIED

Jody Maxwell, the marvel whose mouth has melted the meat of millions, writes an erotically exclusive CHERI orchard column on the nitty gritty Kansas City scene. Not only a first rate writer, Jody's juices have flowed in such epic porno flicks as Portrait, Expose Me Lovely *and—of course her singing debut in* Screw On Screen. *Ms. Maxwell eagerly awaits your cards and letters so send them in c/o CHERI.*

I just got a hot fan letter that got me thinking about a sexual experience I had awhile back. A good pal called and told me about a swinging chick he'd picked up at a disco. She had to leave early, but promised to meet him the next night, on the condition that he read pages 153 and 212 of Dr. Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex*. Of course he readily agreed.

Now when I'd first read this fine book, I was just checking out the various chapters for reviewing purposes—and I guess I skipped over a lot of it. So when my friend asked me precisely what was on those pages, I had to take out my copy and discover them myself. Mmmm. One was bondage and the other was Slow Masturbation. I read him Dr. Comfort's enticing descriptions, wished him good luck and good comes, and hung up.

But the topics stuck in my mind. Bondage had never really intrigued me before, as I'm not a passive lover and couldn't see any kind of restraints getting me off. I've enjoyed variations of the dominant role—but lovers can't, and shouldn't, stay on an equal plane of that intensity. I think the rigidity would make it all very boring.

Then I realized what had gotten to me. It was the author's simple up-front choice of words in describing the act itself. "The gentle art of tying up your partner . . . not to overcome reluctance, but to boost orgasm." And slow masturbation was a part of this. I found myself wondering how good a scene like this could be, and discussing it with friends and lovers for the next few months.

Okay, I'd try it. I called a friend I hadn't fucked in years. Sal was a disciple of the good Dr. Comfort, more than willing to discuss—and act out—his ideas. Sure, he'd come over tomorrow night. He'd tie me up—and *then* he'd tell me what he'd do to me after that! "Maybe I'll lock the door," I said, apprehensively, half-joking, and he answered quickly that he'd smash it down. "Then maybe I'll leave first," I countered. "Then I'll wait," said he. His deadly serious attitude . . . plus the trust I had in him . . . told me he was the perfect man for such a tryst. I remembered our wild sex scenes of the past, where he'd taught me intricate details in the precise pleasures of cocksucking. The power he had over me! His animal magnetism was so strong that I was strangely submissive to his every whim.

He arrived after supper and immediately set the scene. The phone rang while I was making him a drink—and he simply yanked the cord out of the wall. His violent movements didn't frighten me—they made me tingle with anticipation for what he'd do to *me*.

He took me upstairs to my bedroom, and searched through my bureau drawers until he found a pair of knee-sox. As he was binding them into a rope he gave me a fiendish smile. "Maybe we could call this whole scene off?" I started, but he stopped me right there. "Take your clothes off!" I refused. When he started pulling them off me, I said okay, I'd do it. Then he tied my right arm to my right leg, left to left—then tied my bound body to the headboard of the bed.

The complete master, he knotted the sox around each ankle—so that I was grotesquely spread-eagled, but with my knees raised. "And if you resist or give me any trouble, I'll bite your clit off," he threatened. What are friends for?

I'll tell you this, that shut me up fast. I made a quick decision not to enjoy this . . . even if I knew it was futile to fight him. My bindings were so tightly knotted I was at my lover's desperate mercy. Was this really what I was after? Dr. Comfort's chapter had been so gentle, almost tender. . . .

I pride myself on my sexual discipline. I pride myself on staying on top of any arrangement of flesh, but Sal knew just how to break me down. He was incredible! A purely erotic artist, he stroked, kissed and fondled every inch of my body. He promised that by the time we were through he'd have come in every opening I had. With that little message I said to myself, "What the hell, Jody, this is one hell of an experience with a supertough lover, and you may as well honestly enjoy it." My sexual curiosity was aroused as much as my clit—the way he was going, he could've set a new world's record before we were through.

So I got into it, succumbing to full responsibility for my arousal to him, feeling him orchestrate my responses like a genius conductor in command of his instruments. He ate me everywhere, he fucked me everywhere. He would take me to the edge of ecstasy and then retreat, sending me into spasms that had me squirming against my restraints. Then, in rapid succession—by now you can sense the phenomenal control this guy had—he came in my mouth, my pussy and my ass. As he was fucking the shit out of my mouth, he suddenly pulled out his cock and shot all over my face and hair. I was almost crazy—what would he do next? He rubbed his sperm over me, massaging it into the skin. Then he came twice again, filling up my belly button and the cleavage between my tits. Then, sensuously, deliciously, he rubbed it in—my tits looked like they'd been shellacked!

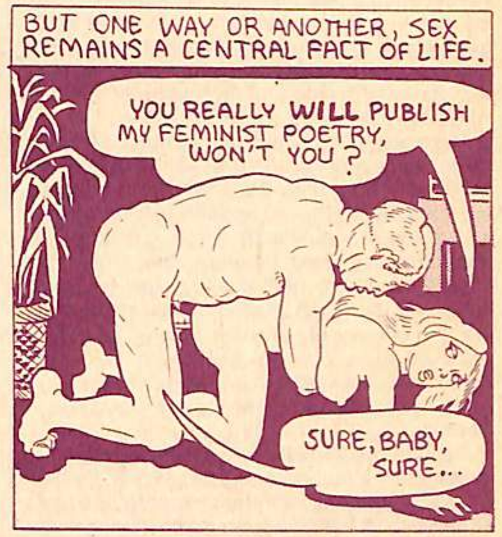
Five hours later he was finally done. I'd come so hard that I honestly felt as if the walls of my cunt were exploding. We were both exhausted, totally spent, sexually bankrupt . . . at least for a time.

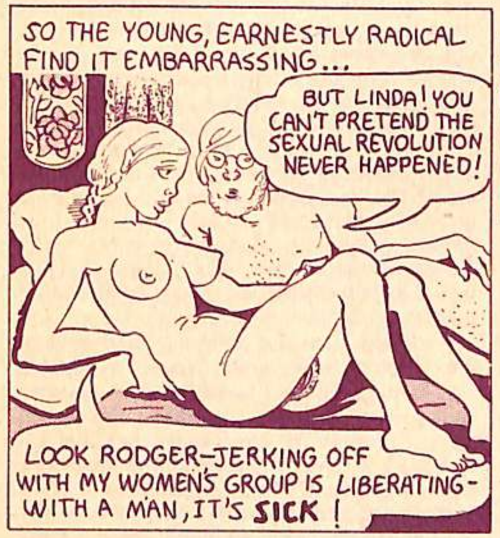
Sal had come over to show me the ultimate pleasure of physical bondage and he'd succeeded in spades. I learned a hell of a lot from him. I was very grateful for the time he'd spent showing me sexual responses in myself I never thought existed.

BAY BALL GAME

JUST AS KINKY SEX HAS BECOME FASHIONABLE WITH THE UPPER CLASS, MARIN AND PACIFIC HEIGHTS SET...
I DO THINK BLACK LEATHER FOR YACHTING IS SO... NOW.
MICROWAVE VIBRATOR
YOU MUST TRY MY DELIVERY BOY CHICO — NINE INCHES AND HE NEVER SLOWS DOWN.

Mary Sativa


BUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, SEX REMAINS A CENTRAL FACT OF LIFE.
YOU REALLY WILL PUBLISH MY FEMINIST POETRY, WON'T YOU?
SURE, BABY, SURE...


SO THE YOUNG, EARNESTLY RADICAL FIND IT EMBARRASSING...
BUT LINDA! YOU CAN'T PRETEND THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION NEVER HAPPENED!
LOOK RODGER—JERKING OFF WITH MY WOMEN'S GROUP IS LIBERATING—WITH A MAN, IT'S SICK!

MARY SATIVA BEGAN HER CAREER IN EROTICA AS THE AUTHOR OF OLYMPIA PRESS BEST SELLER **ACID TEMPLE BALL**. A SOMETIME CONTRIBUTER TO **DUDE, GENT, ESCAPADE, & TITTERS**, AND CHARTER MEMBER OF S. F.'S UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE, SHE FIRMLY BELIEVES PICTURES ARE EVEN SEXIER THAN WORDS...

MUSICAL CHAIRS

By
MARY SATIVA

WHEN EVENING FALLS, SCHOOLS AND OFFICES DISGORGE A MASS OF LONELY, HORNY, CONFUSED YOUNG PEOPLE.
WANNA FUCK?
HOW ABOUT A RELATIONSHIP?

IN FACT, CRITICS IN THE UNDERGROUND SERIOUSLY QUESTION THE LEVEL OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS...
FROM EACH ACCORDING TO ABILITY — TO EACH ACCORDING TO NEED!
I'M SURE SHE'S FOSTERING COUNTER-REVOLUTION SOMEHOW!

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

AND IN THE MORNING, THE INEVITABLE SECOND THOUGHTS ARISE...
WHAT A WOMAN! DARE I HOPE? COULD THIS BE THE REAL THING?!
NOT MUCH... HOPE I CAN FIND SOMETHING BETTER TONIGHT...
MORE NEXT ISSUE...

SWING SHIFT

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by SUSAN LeBEAU

SWINGTIME FOR SUSAN

Is there really sex in suburbia? The bawdy LeBeaus, anything-but-secret swingers from Long Island, jump out of the closet and onto the waterbed, and wonder why you're not doing the same. They're hot, they're hip and their relationship is so open you could drive a pimpmobile through it. Is this the Togetherness of Tomorrow? Write them here at CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

First, I would like to thank our readers for their wonderful response to our first column. Also for those of you who haven't realized it yet, that was Marc and me in the May pictorial; "Discosex 77".

From the many letters we've gotten and from those of you we've either met or talked to, one question recurs: "How could anyone get into swinging?" Surprisingly, a little over a year ago I found myself asking the very same question. Although I had had some sexual encounters before I met Marc, I guess my fall into depravity really went into high gear when I left home to move in with him. There I was, a mere child of nineteen, raised with the fear of God and ingrained with all the "thou shall nots."

Contrary to all I had been taught, I found myself enjoying the hell out of sex, even in positions other than the missionary (including hanging from a chandelier). It was even like in the stories: flashing lights, feelings of floating on a cloud, total ecstasy. This, I'm sure, was due in part to some really potent herb. Mix that with Marc's sexual technique and philosophy of satisfying as well as being satisfied and you've got heaven. He is one of those rare men who has heard of foreplay and knows it isn't some board game by Milton Bradley.

As our relationship grew tighter, I found subtle hints about swinging appearing. Books on swinging, correspondence magazines and underground tabloids open to the personal ad section seemed to be staring at me from every corner of the apartment. Realizing that this was more than coincidence, I began to worry, ignoring the obvious, all the while hoping desperately that I was wrong. Conversations between Marc and me hinted at the subject, but I changed them as quickly as they came up, hoping all would be forgotten.

Finally, Marc told me he would like us to try swinging. Sacrilege! Not only was he out to covet his neighbor's wife, so to speak, he wanted me to covet her old man while he was at it! I freaked, running the gamut of emotions: shock, anger, hurt, fury, depression and disgust. How could my prince charming, with whom I had envisioned living happily ever after, have the balls to want to give me to another man or expect me to sit still while he was balling another lady?

As he does in all times of crisis, he put his arms around me, sat me down, soothed me and began to talk over the pros and cons with me. Hadn't I been to bed with men before him and enjoyed it? Didn't I still occasionally find myself staring at a man's crotch wondering how he'd be in the sack? What about my fantasies? Hadn't I expressed a desire to be with another woman, with a group of men and in a threesome? All these things could be had through swinging, so why not? On the negative side, I stood the chance of losing him to another woman or even another man, but he was taking the same chances with me. This can happen outside of swinging and as we all know often does. In addition, he reasoned that if we could be open enough to handle being with others, we could probably communicate more openly and squash little problems before they grew. I had to agree.

Next came the question of how to meet people. We checked out the magazines and classifieds, and learned that there were some clubs within traveling distance where swingers met. We agreed to check out a club that weekend, figuring that if we had to wait for a letter exchange I might chicken out. I also felt that in a public place I would be safer than in someone's home.

As the weekend approached, I had my doubts. At the same time, my curiosity was piqued and I even found myself getting wet visualizing different scenes. On Saturday night I dressed to the teeth, wanting to be the foxiest lady in the place. I also felt ambivalent enough to douse myself with 49¢ toilet water to keep the people away ,but then I thought better of it. Marc dressed, and we headed out.

In the car, I lit up a jay trying to calm my nerves, imagining I could feel my pulse going like a drum roll. As Marc pulled into the parking lot, I began to sob that I couldn't go in. He calmed me down and got me to agree on giving the place an hour, after which we could leave if I didn't feel better. Scared, I headed for the door with a strong arm around my waist for support. I opened the door and froze in place. Two of the biggest, ugliest people I had ever seen were leering at me from just inside the door. Planting a firm hand in the small of my back, Marc propelled me past these gargoyles to a bar stool. I downed a drink and almost before the bartender could finish pouring it, I ordered another. The liquor calmed me and as my eyes grew accustomed to the light I began to look cautiously around avoiding eye contact with anyone. Much to my relief, I found that the ugly duckling couple was the exception rather than the rule.

Suddenly I sensed someone alongside of me. "You're new, aren't you?" a sensual lady's voice asked. I turned to face a lovely young woman and felt my juices flowing even though I had never been with a lady before. I asked her how she could tell we were new and she laughed. She said new couples were easy to spot because the entrance door will open and no one will be there. Thirty to sixty seconds later two people slip in staring at their feet, stopping just long enough to pay admission and then promptly scurry to the darkest corner available. They are quickly followed by the barkeep who pours them at least half a dozen drinks in quick succession. I have to laugh, because a year later, I realize how true it is. We were soon joined by our new lady friend's husband and the four of us ex-

(Continued on page 92)

I, KIM POPE

photo by PETER HURD

Porn's most luscious blonde is a soft-spoken, romantic, erotic adventuress who adores inserting herself in sticky situations at home and abroad. When not super-starring, directing, producing and churning out a series of red-hot memoirs, she studies and knits. The entire CHERI staff is in love with her and jealous. We might just eat your love notes. But write anyway.

SWINGING IN THE SUNSHINE STATE

by KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

It's one A.M. and drizzling in the Sunshine State. I am sitting in the front seat of a stranger's car being driven to a party. I secretly cross my fingers that I'm not being mentally raped and strangled by the morose young man at the wheel. Back in the bar where he had "picked me up" he had seemed nice enough. His thick black eyebrows and dark eyes would turn bright with humor or his tongue would tease with a ready joke.

My assignment for CHERI was to do an article on swinging in Florida and the bar I had gone to was known to be a hangout for swingers. After speaking with several rather dreary couples who wanted to return to their homes for a threesome, I chose this fellow because he wanted to go to a party and I felt that would give me a better chance to observe and ask questions. But now, an hour later, I was getting worried. No one knew where I was. His joking had stopped and from the sweet sticky smell in the air it was clear that he wasn't puffing on a Camel. I was absently playing with the idea of asking him to let me out at the next gas station and taking a cab home when he broke the stillness with the snap of an amy under my nose. "Hey, baby, relaxxxx."

Suddenly the car pulled into a private drive shrouded in palm trees and thick tropical vegetation. Dim lights showed through the lightly curtained windows and, as we walked toward the door, faint music was heard. My heart was pounding from fear as much as from the unexpected whiff of the popper so I was grateful when the door opened and we fell inside.

The woman who opened the door was extremely tall and her hair was very long and a deep dark auburn. She smelled of expensive perfume and of sex. She drew her long wrap around her and beckoned us to follow. We were led through a long series of small rooms until we came to a small sitting room where the other guests were lounging about in various states of undress. I had been careful to mention that this was my first "swing" so as to cover for any seeming reticence on my part.

I sat on a small chair in the corner while my escort and our hostess whispered together and stared at me. Our hostess came over, mixed me a drink, and offered me a joint. I accepted the drink but refused the grass. I don't smoke and besides, I wanted to remember something the next day. I tried to engage her in conversation but everybody was quite stoned and all she did was smile and nod and caress my arm. I took off my skirt and left on my blouse, garter belt, stockings and high heels. The blouse was sheer and very sexy so no one seemed to mind my not taking everything off right away.

While they were occupied, I took a moment to look around the room. Something seemed out of place, until I realized that the number of men present far outnumbered the women. Then I noticed that they seemed to be wandering back and forth between two rooms. I got up to investigate. The next room was larger and sparsely furnished. The floor was covered with what seemed to be large foam mattresses from wall to wall, like a giant squishy carpet. A large table at the far end held a dim light and many large candles. The floor was covered with people fucking and sucking and I noticed a collection of dildos and sex toys strewn about. The air was thick with the smell of marijuana and the sound of people in orgasm. One big-breasted girl was fucking herself with a rubber prick and screaming and crying obscenities.

Then my friend came in from the other room and slipped his arm around my waist and began nuzzling my neck and fondling my breasts. Two of the other men from the first room joined him and they half-led, half-carried me to the center of the giant floor-bed. They were all very stoned and mumbling endearments and encouragements between ardent kisses and touches. I had not really planned to participate, merely to observe, but they wouldn't slow down. I had almost decided, "What the hell." They were all attractive and young and it would be in the "line of duty," so to speak.

Suddenly they turned me over and stretched me across a large pillow with my ass in the air. I felt hands stroking my body, exploring and probing when I suddenly realized that they were trying to penetrate my too-tight, unready ass . . . and they were getting quite insistent about it. I kept wiggling out of the way but with three of them holding me down it was getting harder and harder to evade the enormous cocks' thrusting search. Johnny was holding my head and I decided to beg him to take me home. I was actually frightened by their force. I twisted myself halfway over and grabbed Johnny by the hair, pulled his head down and told him that I was frightened and to please ask his friends to stop. I had really wanted to be with him, not everyone all at once. I guess he was flattered or perhaps he realized that I was genuinely upset for he pushed them away and helped me up. We retreated to a corner where I cried on his shoulder and asked him to take me home. I told him that I had never had sex with a stranger before and he seemed to believe me. The atmosphere was just too heavy for me to stay any longer. Besides, I didn't want to spoil their party by not joining in the fun. I found my lost clothes and called a cab to go home. I told him that I would call him the next day and we could go out, just the two of us. When the cab arrived, I fled.

Please understand that no one hurt me or forced me, really. They just assumed that if I was there I was game for just about anything and they proceeded accordingly. The next morning I had calmed down quite a bit and decided to continue with my "research"

(Continued on page 77)

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by ROSEANNE REILLY

A BOOT LICKING LOVE STORY

You've lied, you've cheated, there're things you never told the IRS and how about the night you left the cat out in the cold? Face it, you're guilty as shit, man. And here's the little woman who'll put it all in proper perspective. Black and blue absolution, that's the solution, and it's Mistress Roseanne who'll let you have it raw. Write her c/o CHERI and let her know how rotten you really are . . . swine.

photo by ALLAN

"THE GOSPEL OF MISTRESS ROSEANNE"

As the door opens, I behold her once again. She is magnificent; I say nothing for a moment as I wallow in feelings at the sight of her. I think, "She is my Mistress." She is wearing her tight black lêvi jeans, knee length boots with heavy soles and heels and a short riding crop she has stuck nonchalantly into one boot for convenience, a wide-brimmed hat tilted in a cocky attitude and a sleeveless black turtleneck sweater. The long hair cascading over her shoulder seems almost incongruous with the fire in her eyes as she spits out angrily, "You're five minutes late! Do you think I do nothing all day? That all I have to do is sit around and wait for the likes of you? Get in here this instant and don't say a word until I give you permission to speak! If I hear one sound you'll find your punishment doubled!!"

I walk silently, my head bowed, knowing she does not wish to look upon my guilty, embarrassed face when I have wronged her. Punctuality, in Mistress' philosophy, is not merely being on time or being somewhere around such and such a time. Instead, it is to her a demonstration of respect, love, consideration and ability to think and plan. I know I should have caught an earlier bus; now I know I'm going to pay the price for that selfish second cup of coffee. I take off my shoes and coat and put them away with mixed feelings of fear and anticipation. She has told me in the past that she may prolong my punishment indefinitely and then give it to me all in one collective storm of righteous indignation. Or she may punish me severely this minute. I simply don't know what to expect.

Suddenly I hear her striding up behind me as I stand at the closet.

"Why are you taking so long?" she demands in a loud voice. "Take off everything you're wearing and hang it away; that is, everything except what I put on you. Oh, but you can't get *that* off, can you?" She says this a little more softly, titillatingly.

I remove my jacket and vest, my tie, my trousers, my tee shirt and finally my boxer shorts, revealing the chains she had fastened on me two weeks ago with heavy steel padlocks. One chain passes around my waist and it's locked to one passed tightly around my crotch and ass.

I remember how we met, how I first noticed her striking beauty and her cool, calm, collected and self-confident manner. I remember how we began seeing each other more and more often. How we began to reveal more and more of ourselves and tell each other of our lives. Throughout all this time, subtle changes in our relationship began to occur. I remember how she became more and more dominant and aggressive with her ways. Finally I came to dedicate myself to being her slave. She had led me to understand my lifelong desire to submit myself to a dominant woman.

I now remember the last time I saw her. I remember how she said, "Among other things, a slave is a good dog. I'm going to teach you how to be a good pet." I remember how my heart jumped to my throat when she put the leash and collar on me and put my dinner before me in a bowl on the floor. I remember how I had been a bad dog and lost my self control and had to be punished with the riding crop and then with tight chains as a constant reminder during my two-week banishment.

All this goes through my mind in the moment before she speaks.

"I've come to the conclusion that at this point in our relationship, you still have not developed proper respect for me and for all women. You were a bad dog, and after two weeks you're late arriving. I now realize the only way to teach you respect for women is to make you be one.

My heart sinks. "Oh no, Mistress, no, I beg you! I can't! I'm a man!"

"Oh yes you can, and you will," she shouts angrily, and begins smacking my ass with her crop and bending my wrist up behind me with her other hand.

She leads me into the den, where I see them already laid out on the couch: the panties, the garters, the stockings, the black pumps, the brassiere, the falsies, the wig, the makeup and false eyelashes, the little black maid's uniform, and the frilly white lace apron.

I plead with her, "Please, Mistress! I can't."

She hits me again with the crop and says in a firm loud voice, "Can't means won't. Are you telling me you won't trust me not to take you farther than you're capable of going? That I don't understand your limits? You insult my intelligence! You know one of my main ground rules is that I never subject anyone to anything I am not capable of dealing with myself. Give me your hands."

She ties my wrists with a leather thong and sits me down on a stool. I am too frightened to speak.

In ten minutes she stands me in front of a full-length mirror in her bedroom. I consider myself extremely privileged to be at last allowed into her inner sanctum. I see my reflection and I am breathless at the sight of the pretty saucy-looking servant girl I see before me. I smile in amazement at the way my appearance has changed.

"Now," she says, "a proper maid cleans her Mistress' boots at least once a day. Come here and clean my boots on your knees with your tongue!"

I kneel down before her and begin licking her boots with feelings of total submission, total passion and admiration, and total dedication to do my absolute best at my task, when suddenly I gag and cough.

"How dare you not turn your face away from

(Continued on page 38)

RENEE:

Advertisements For My Pink Self

by Renee Rousseau

"Hum Jobber Wanted . . . Inquire Within."

As most of you know, Renee Rousseau writes a regular column for us about personal classified ads. Now our cameras have interviewed her thoroughly for this, her first full-spread in CHERI.

Okay. I give in . . . in full color, with wide angles. So many readers have written in requesting me to pose from one end of a page to another (there's just not enough juice to those Polaroid shots I exchange), that here I am! You can write your own classified ad in between my legs if you want. "Hum Jobber Wanted . . . Inquire Within." Or, "Melon Picker Needed . . . Just Rub Me the Right Way." If the following pages set you off on sniffing out my trail, remember that you can find me in the CHERI Orchard . . . where everything goes, every month. When you turn the page grind your thumb into my cunt. Try picking up the corner of the page and push it across my tits. I'm out to out-classify the classifieds. Check it out.

"Try picking up the corner of the page and push it across my tits."

Nipple-picking is a habit of mine, a law of my sexual nature. The harder I pull them the tighter my lips purse and the harder I grind my teeth. Some animal groans in my throat. But when I pick and flick between my cunt lips the wider my smile gets. My tongue slips out if I do it fast enough. Every part of me works and I'll never stop exploring the question of how.

"Nipple-picking is a habit . . . a law of my sexual nature. My tongue slips out if I do it fast enough."

I've been told that my cunt resembles the delicate orchid. Water which was drunk from the cup of this flower was reputed to be an aphrodisiac, or so I'm told. It would intoxicate a man and rejuvenate him towards ever-lasting fucking. The juices drunk from my pink orchid also intoxicate, and sometimes I think the fucking which follows will send both my lovers and me to an early grave. If such be death then bury yourself deep (deep inside of me).

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 30)

my boot when you cough?" she says, looking down at me haughtily. "You think I want your germs on my boot?"

She kicks out and I am rolling across the floor, skirts flying. She walks over to me, and helps me to stand up. She smiles, her hand outstretched to my still-bound wrists only to push me sprawling into the closet. She jumps over to me with another leather thong and efficiently ties my stocking-clad ankles together."

Then she tells me to kneel once again. As I do, she pulls a third thong from her pocket and attaches my wrists and ankles together between my spread knees. I realize I am in a position of total bondage, total submission, total slavery and total excitement.

She reaches into her pocket once more and pulls out a black silk scarf, which she ties in my mouth behind my head. I am gagged.

"Now," she says, "I begin your punishment. First, fifteen blows."

I cringe and slowly raise my ass into position. I am scared stiff, but I know there is no escape. Then it starts. Each blow seems to penetrate every nerve and muscle I have.

When it is over, she closes the closet door.

What you have just read, my kinky friends, is a factual account of a recent scene, enacted between myself and one of my personal slaves from the submissive point of view. Now I would like to tell the same story from my viewpoint.

It was rather a dismal day to begin with and I, of course, take every opportunity to use my off moods to my advantage.

In harmony with the dreariness of the weather was my own black disposition, so that when my slave, whom I take great pride in training to be perfect, was late, I saw a perfect opportunity to be a perfect bitch. As he walked in the door I instantly jumped on his case.

"Where have you been, mother-fucker?" I yelled and shoved him to his knees. I continued to holler as I grabbed a handful of hair, yanked his head back and slapped his mouth enjoying the look of total fear on his face.

I really get going like a wild animal when I sense fear. After having him strip, checking his chains to make sure they were secure, I decided he looked much too comfortable and tightened them to the point where they were literally shoved up his ass.

"Don't you dare look at me, you ugly bastard. Drop your eyes to the floor. And don't speak either, just nod your head yes or no. You look like a jackass and have the manners of one so we will make you one. On the other hand, I have a better idea. As a man you don't make it, so let's make you into a chick."

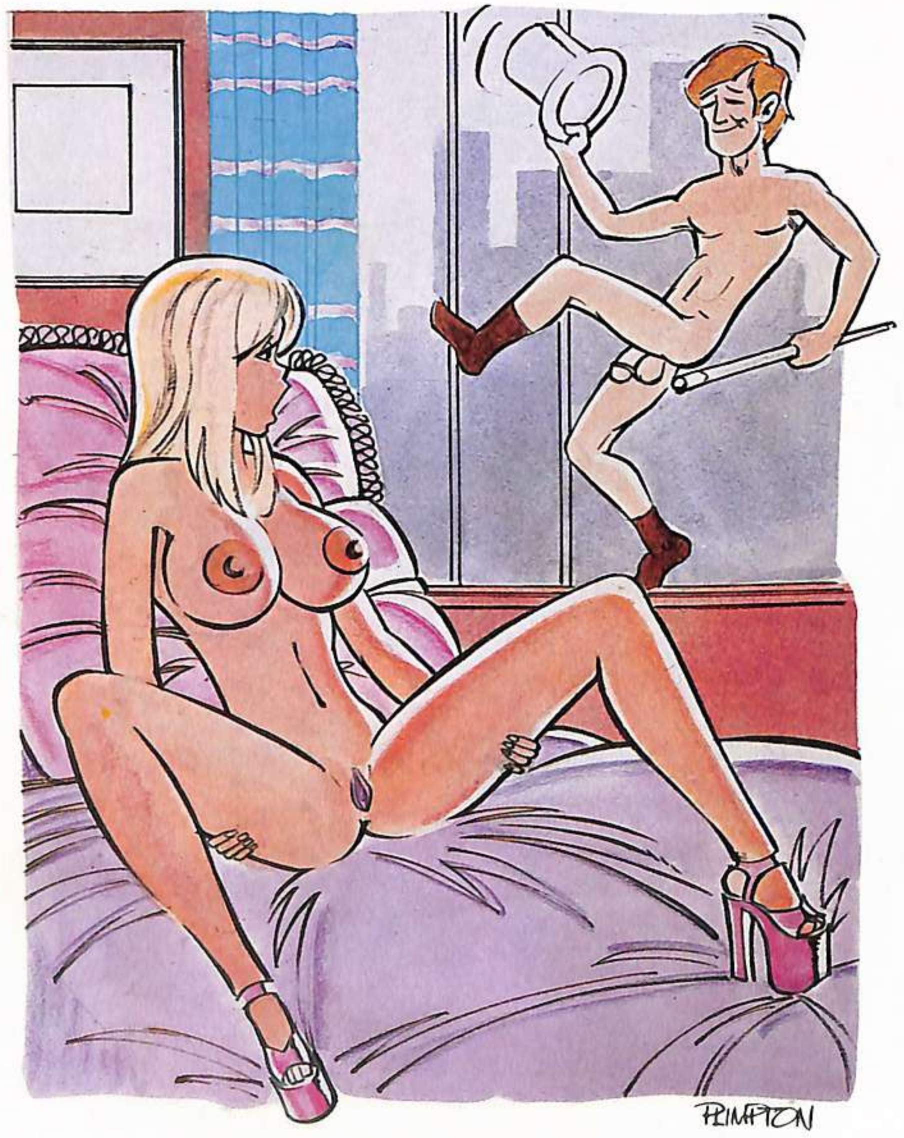
I enjoy dressing guys up like women. Not being one to wear much makeup myself, I practice on my people, transforming them into my fantasy of how a girl should look and training them in proper feminine behavior. I have my slave study the expression on his face when he looks in the mirror. And now the fun really begins. I order my new lady to bring the paddle for her punishment and change my mind, deciding to use the thongs instead. The power one feels from using these strips is unbelievable and the welts it leaves are beautiful. Now I make him stand in front of the mirror, holding up his dress and watching as I lash him over and over. "Look," I say, "look at how beautifully it streaks and reddens."

My left hand is holding a handful of his hair as I make him watch me bust his ass. Then securing him, now a total *her*, I throw her in the closet, and then, and then . . . ah friends, that begins another fantasy come true and perhaps I will share it with you another time. For now I'll let you wonder what came next.

And that, my dear readers, is my S trip on you for now.

Pleasant fantasies!

Mistress Roseanne



"Harry, why must you always feel you have to perform?"

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50 WOMEN TO SPEND YOUR $50 REBATE ON

BY THE CHERI STAFF (JARED, SUZANNE, ANDREA, DEREK, PETER, MICHELLE AND HAZEL)

1

MISTRESS MEANIE (Begg, Ga.), the 29-year-old wunderkind of wanton whippery, is so mean (How mean is she, Johnny?) that she eats dolphin steaks for breakfast. For your $50, she will chain you to a fire-hydrant in front of Captain Sikkim's School for Dogs and leave you there for a month. For another $5.00 a week she will wipe your chin from time to time. (PW)

Well, taxpayers, this is the year of the Instant Rebate, praise de Lawd. We at CHERI want to thank Brother Grits for giving the Eagle an enema and, while we can't really say that the great Bald Bird is letting go in diarrhea dimensions, the pellets we're getting back from the IRS could provide for a lot of fun.

Fifty dollars! Actually, it might as well be fifty cents. The only thing you can get for fifty dollars these days is a couple of cups of coffee, a copy of CHERI, and two martinis at the dive of your choice.

However, since the IRS invented the deductible blowjob as an integral part of travel and entertainment, we can think of a number of frivolous ways to fritter away our own $50 rebates. So we polled the CHERI staff and asked them to list the most prurient and economical bargains in Sexland for those of you who'd like to buy a good time with Smilin' Jimmy's Easter gift.

3. ILKA FLUGENHORN (Pensacola, Fla.) likes to throw men into piles of fresh horse manure and pee on them—and she won't charge you a cent to do it! For $50, however, she WILL throw you a large pole before you drown. (SF)

4. BETSY GUDGE (Wimoway, Del.) a nurse in a Wimoway sperm bank hospital, has a deal you can't pass up. For $50 she will jerk you off into a test tube, sell it to her bank for $100, and split the money with you fifty-fifty! (SF)

2

SANDY MAZOLA (Beatme Bay, Fla.) will, for a mere etching of Ulysses S. Grant, permit you to tie her spread-eagled and ostensibly humiliated, to her radar-range oven. She calls this her "Kwik-Heeted Hungry-Man Hair-Pie TV Dinner," and it features a blowjob administered while her brain is being inundated with millions of redhot microwaves. For an additonal $5.00, Sandy will turn over and offer you a dessert of "Instant Warm-'n-Heet Buns." (PW)

NURSE GOODCLITTY OF CLAPP, WISC.
WILL GIVE YOU A PEYOTE ENEMA
AND A PROPHYLACTIC FIST FUCK....

5

GRETEL GOODCLITTY, R.N. (Clap Everett Memorial Hospital, Clapp, Md.) is a moderately-priced enema nurse who specializes in firewater power. For $50, she will, in the manner of the ancient Mayas, give you a high-colonic peyote enema which'll get you so high you'll won't even notice it when she shoves her fist up your ass and rips out your prostate gland. She sells these to local black market prostate gland marketeers. (You can buy a bionic replacement prostate from her for an additional $336.53.) (PW)

6. NINA NEVANEW (Peoria, Ill.) for your $50 rebate will remove all your body hair with Neet, pulling out the tough ones with her teeth. When you're totally denuded, she'll cover you with K-Y jelly and jerk off your whole body by clasping both hands behind you and sliding rapidly up and down. (SF)

7. HILDA HORSESHOUND (Baltimore, Tex.) had a stud inserted in her left nostril last year. The nostril unfortunately got infected and expanded in size, but Hilda was smart enough to use it to good advantage. For $25 of your rebate, she will let you fuck her in the nostril and for the other $25, she will snarf it up. (SF)

8. GLENDA PIPASTICK (West Poland, N.Y.) has one leg a foot shorter than the other. For $50, she will stand up with an orthopedic shoe on to even herself and fuck you. Once you're inside, she'll kick her shoe off and try to regain her balance for ten minutes. (SF)

9. KINKY WINKLE (New York, N.Y.)

will use your $50 rebate to have 3" ceramic nails applied individually to each of her fingers. She will then stick her delectable digits up your waiting ass. If she's really smitten with you, she will leave one nail inside, which you can either have removed by a doctor, or can continue to carry around as a momento. (SF)

10. MARY GODZILLA (Willmingdon, Tex.) this exotic little creature goes by the title of "hairiest woman in the world." A carnival curiosity, she's covered from adam's-apple to anus in a prickly mesh of body hair. Satisfied clients refer to her fondly as coconut cunt. (DA)

11. SISSY ROE (Brooklyn, Ore.) if your fad is to fuck with the flavor of fish, this is cash for caviar for you. With only the lightest touch of her labia, Sissy, a longshoreman's daughter, gushes a Niagara of juices as pungent as the kitchens of Arthur Treacher. (DA)

12. HELDA BLADE (Chopper, Nev.) this horny helicopter pilot specializes in spectacular flying fucks. For your $50, you get a fifteen-minute cockpit chopper ride over the Las Vegas skyline, with Helda firmly at the joystick. (DA)

13. THELMA THREADNEEDLE (Seattle, Wash.) A seamstress by trade, this craftswoman is well worth a $50 splurge. She'll tailor-make herself to meet your needs. Want a tight twat? Thelma will thread her snatch to fit you like a glove. Like it sloppy? T.T.'ll open it way up! For the price of your rebate you not only get your seam sowed in but you get to sow your semen, too. (DA)

14

PEGGY LEGGS (Cripple Creek, Vt.) charges $50 for a stump job, $54.69 for a crutch job, and another $10 to play out a whole pitiable-pathetic routine in which she begs you (on hands and her one good knee) to buy her pencils, and hire the handicapped, while calling you her "Great White Fully-Limbed Father". Beware, however! Ms. Leggs is a blackbelt in karate and an accredited marksman with an elephant gun. It will cost you $500 more to get out of her room before she totally dismembers you, amid vindictive shrieks of "Legged scum! Limbed mother! And Hobbyist Pig!" (PW)

15. NINA ROWBOTTOM (Surrey, Wisc.) Simultaneously voted debutante and asshole of the year at last season's coming out party at her girl's school, Nina is currently discovering who's in and who's out in American society. 'In' with Nina means having a wad of fifty to shoot. And for your money you can go for a long, hard gallop down her old, puckered, Hershey Bar Road. (DA)

16. TINA TONSOR (Grand Ripples, Mich.) In the surroundings of a modern beauty parlor, Tina, aided and abetted by twenty assistants, guarantees you will be cropped, shaved, teased, lathered, and blown dry—all for a mere fifty! (DA)

17. MAVIS SEED (Osgot, Va.) Voyeurs and jerk-offs, get hip! This raven-haired animal lover is strictly for you! Donkey, duck, or dachshund . . . you name it, she fucks it! For openers, she'll give herself a spit enema (inserting a twelve-inch rattlesnake up her ass.) To close the show, she stuffs her pet clam up her wazoo. She calls this her "little shell game." (DA)

18. MISTRESS MERDEL (Birmingham, Hawaii) For fifty bucks, you become her bronco for a night of unbridled humiliation. If your idea of a woman's place is in the saddle, then don your nosebag, you've found the ultimate dominatrix. In next to no time she'll have you tamed and whinnying for more. (DA)

SARDI SLABB
(TOMBSTONE, COLO.)
OPERATES
A COMBINATION
MASSAGE AND
FUNERAL PARLOR

19

SARDONICA SLABB (Forest Lawns, Colo.) operates the Great Bye-and-Buy Modeling and Embalming Studio in suburban Tombstone, Colorado. At the G.B.&B.M.&E.S., you can get your headstones off to the sounds of Liberace playing "Great Funeral Marches" ($6.98 stereo, $9.98 on tape), amid the stench of formaldehyde and brimstone. For $50, Sardonica offers the "D.O.A. special," a half-hour twosome with her and Maggots Magee, the legendary corpsefucker at the local coroner's office. (PW)

(Continued on page 68)

Hustling in L.A.

(Continued from page 22)

giving way easily into soft, incredibly smooth flesh inside. Jim pushes another finger into the waiting ass. The bending man reaches back, holding the magic amyl for Jim to sniff again. He does—the sexual pulsing rush encloses him. The man's fingers cup Jim's balls.

Jim pushes a third finger into the crack.

Now in a frenzied whisper both softened and intensified by the pounding fume-stirred blood, the man begs: "Your whole fist! Shove your whole fucking fist up my ass!"

Jim pulls out his fingers, the asshole closes suddenly, the young man moans.

The implied violence disturbing him at the same time that it arouses him, Jim moves away—replaced by another man pushing into the blond bending man.

At a faucet on the lawn, Jim wipes his hands with dirt and water—fiercely, fiercely, as if to wash away the man's exhortation.

As he moves along the overhanging branches sheltering the sidewalk, he passes a man sitting in his car, hand hanging out the window. He nods to Jim. But Jim walks on.

Back to the alley. The square passage before the boarded door is vacant. Jim waits there. Strange to stand there, alone. Strange to. . . . He stops those thoughts, which recur. An outlaw has joined him, and he's desirable. Presed against each other and against the crossed, nailed boards, they kiss. A light plunges along the alley. The two lean their bodies more tightly against the wall. The light passes. It *was* a cop car! But the cops didn't see them, are stopped across the street. Their whirling lights whip up the darkness crazily. Men scatter. The lights of the stopped cop car capture faces and bodies like a camera's flashbulb.

Jim and the other cross the alley, to the area under the stairs, a wooden cove. The swirling coplight across the street illumines their faces periodically, lighting their exposed flesh sexually as the two kiss, connect, explore.

Without coming, Jim and the others part. Beyond the stairs, the area is clear. The cops are gone. The quiet street is deserted.

VOICE OVER: *Selective Sins and Exhortations.*

"Thou shalt not kill," says the Bible.

In Kentucky, I and squads of other youngmen in infantry training were taken in ugly green trucks to dusty fields and taught by experts to attach a pointed bayonet to our rifles. Then we stood before a row of hanging dirt-bloated dummies, substitute enemy, and we learned to lunge at those "bodies" while we shouted, "Kill! Kill!" ("Louder!" screamed our expert army teacher. "Louder! Kill! *Kill!*") Our bayonets stabbed over and over and then we twisted the butt of our rifles and pretended to smash a face and crush a skull. All in preparation for a time when the dummies would be human beings.

The same Book also says that to "lie with mankind, as with womankind" is an "abomination"—and because of that, generations have despised, incarcerated, and killed homosexuals. But what of people who eat fat? The same Book warns that even the soul of one who does so "shall be cut off from his people." It also adominishes against another minority, those who eat rabbit. But that admonishment has not been converted into law.

Pull out the phrase warning against "leaving the natural use of the woman." Hate homosexuals! Yet the same Book tells us that we "owe no man anything but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

"Rebuke not an elder," says the Bible.

I watch television newsclips of an old-age home. The living dead with stringy, spidery, silky—beautiful—hair and carved cheeks; with quivering hands as if all life is finally rushing in indignation to those fingertips; the desperate alive eyes in the tossed-out bodies scream. . . . "Rebuke not an elder." And worthy citizens draw up a successful petition to commit an old, old woman—shriveled body still fierce with pride and anger—in order to get her uncomfortable presence out of their tidy neighborhood; her property, pieces of her life, tossed out for careless sale. "Rebuke not an elder," says the Book.

Are women who bear boys filthy for seven days—longer if they bear girls? Is a man dirty until evening after fucking his wife? Are we contaminated by touching a menstruating woman?

In the morning I look out, and I see the atmosphere like a wired cage, a poisonous presence.

Punish adultery by death! Stone disobedient children!

Are there laws against women wearing gold or pearls "or costly array"? The same Book forbids it. And it states categorically that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

But how can *that* be? Our lawyers and judges and police chiefs aren't so bad off. And look at some of our cardinals and preachers.

Certainly God didn't mean *that*—so forget all that crap about "the love of money." Move on to more important matters. Sodom and Gomorrah! Yes!

"And there came two angels to Sodom."

And the Sodomites insisted that Lot bring them out that they might "know them." Lot offered instead his virgin daughters! "And do ye to them as is good in your eyes," he told the Sodomites. But the same Bible tells us that even to look "on a woman to lust after her" is to commit adultery, and adulterers shall be put to death! Well, to offer one's virgin daughters. . . . Maybe *that* was the real sin. . . .

The solution to those conflicts is clear: Accept the implications of the first part of the story of Sodom and ignore the latter.

"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth onto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment." But what about a law against wearing wool and linen together? It's forbidden equally by the same Book that tells us: "Make three fringes upon the quarter of thy vesture, wherewith thou covereth thyself."

If a man dies childless, must his brother marry the widow? Do we—despite our lavish barbarities—forbid a blind or a lame man to come "nigh unto the altar"? One with a "blemish in his eye"? One with a broken foot or a broken hand? Are there laws to that effect? Shall we make everyone who breaks a hand register with the police, and shall we incarcerate those who break a foot?

And how can justice be bought by "the root of all evil"?

Of course peacemakers are "the children of God"—but that better not mean that government and church officials can't justify any war, all wars!

("Louder! screamed our expert army teacher. "Louder! Kill! *Kill!*")

Thou may kill.

And hate homosexuals.

2:22 A.M. *The Alley and Streets Near the Target Bar.*

Jim knows where the hunt will shift now, and minutes later he's there. A limbo area: The glittering, slender, decorated youngmen from the dance bar and the surly-posing masculine men from the leather and western bar a block away share overlapping areas for a few minutes. Waiting men line a side street and an alley, stand mutely while cruising cars circle the drowsy streets.

Removing his vest, Jim walks slowly along the block. His eyes connect with a desirable tall man he wants. That was his purpose, to display himself here, connect, then to be followed across the street, where he is now, away from the dense area. He walks into the alley, moving toward the back of a vacant house.

Jim and the outlaw who followed him climb the stairless platform. Never completed, the structure has begun to age, a dank odor clings to the naked boards. Stepping carefully to avoid exposed areas on the floor, they move into what would have been an inner room. Skeletal boards randomly dissect the moonless, cloudless sky. An old mattress lies on the patched floor; a mattress brought here by whom? In the gutless house, they remove all their clothes, they lie on the cast-off mattress, head to feet, cock to mouth, mouth to cock.

Jim feels the gathering sperm at his balls; the rushing feeling spreads, his hips thrust into the other's mouth, which receives the jetting liquid. The other's cock, abandoned at that moment by Jim's mouth, shoots into the warm air.

2:51 A.M. *Outside Andy's.*

Although he just came, the outlaw excitement still rages. Jim drives past Andy's, the all-hours coffee shop. Leathermen, glitterers, hustlers, queens, all are here, milling outside. Jim gets out at the corner, intending to "hitchhike"—but a man wearing a cowboy hat just circled the block, looking back at him.

Moments later, they sit in the car parked on a dim street. The man licks Jim's torso, the tongue nestling under his armpits, pulling at the hairs there.

* * * * *

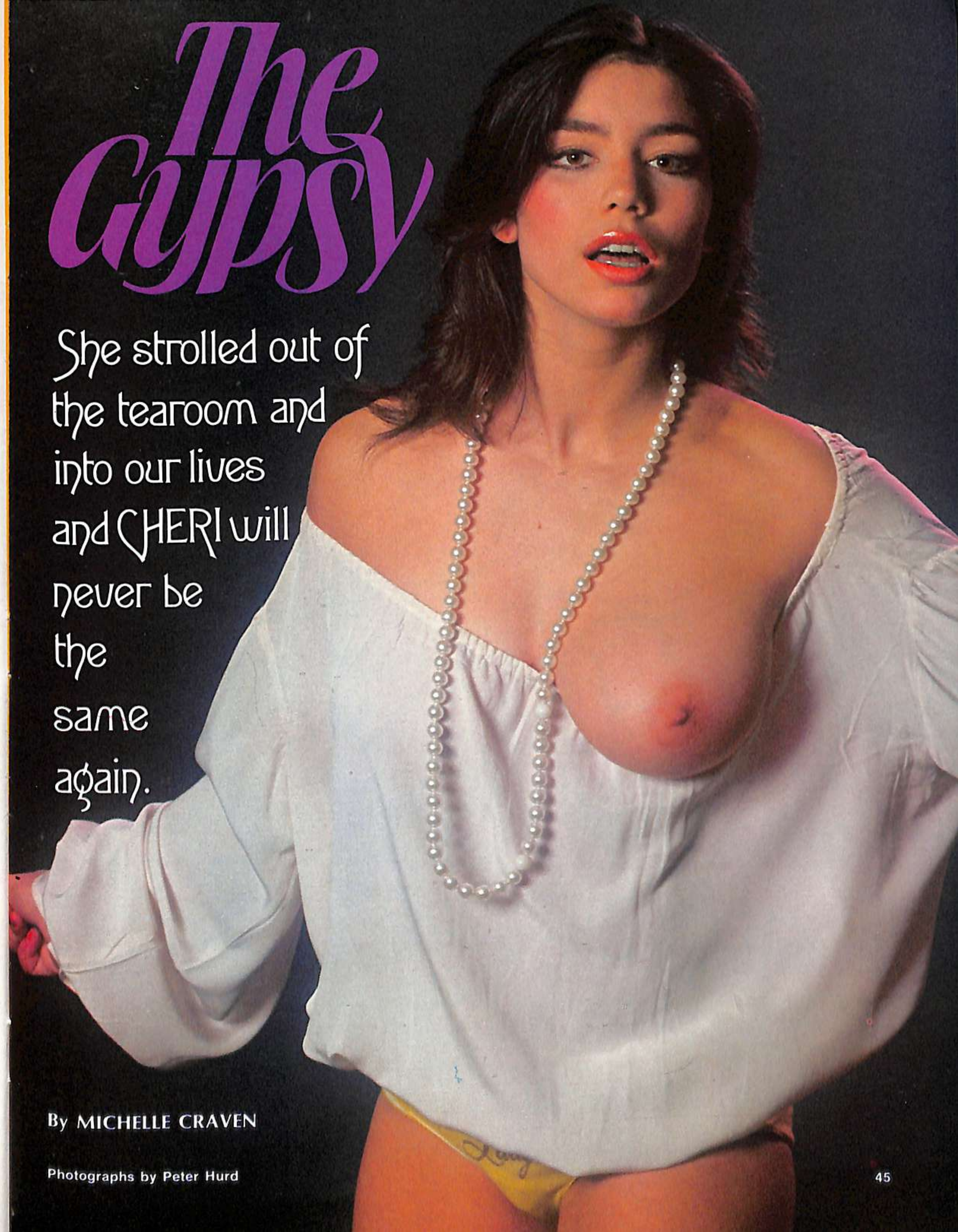
3:05 A.M. *The Garages, Yards, and Alleys along Pierce Place.*

As he drives to Pierce Place, he glances apprehensively at his watch. Still time before night turns purgatorial purple at dawn.

Dozens of cars cruise the area, many men roam the alleys. An afterhours club, a bathhouse, a gay theater—these lure the hunters here after 2:00 in the morning.

Nearby, neat trim houses slumber cozily, unaware that for a distance of about three blocks and lasting till just before dawn, orgies will recur in their garages, yards; under stairs, unlocked patios, store entryways, open spaces between buildings, and on the street itself.

(Continued on page 71)



The Gypsy

She strolled out of
the tearoom and
into our lives
and CHERI will
never be
the
same
again.

By MICHELLE CRAVEN

Photographs by Peter Hurd

She was hip, haughty, high-sprung and sloe-eyed, and every sullen movement bespoke the barrio as home turf. But Felisha Gitano is —no lie—as pure a Polish gypsy princess as you're ever likely to find. Especially if you happen to be, for example, a rag like ours, which tends to attract your average renegade runaway, burnt-out Black Sabbath groupie or heist-happy honey on the lam.

The true daughter of no-

> "My people, the gypsies, we believe in giving it all to one man. And we got a lot to give. . . ."

"I been to a few orgies. One was real nice. In a penthouse. Twelve of us got paid real good for giving this one guy a real happy birthday!"

account Polish romanies ("Listen, I can show ya my birth certificate!"), Felisha was sold at birth to a nice average Jewish family from the Bronx. Selling one's child is still a gypsy custom in Europe, apparently,

"I liked working in your office. You're good people. But weird. You're all high on too many pussy shots. . . ."

along with some other time-honored cliches like petty thievery and swelling violin strings. Felisha, however, is so thoroughly enmeshed in the Puerto Rican haute-disco lifestyle that her Bronx accent is better suited to the bleachers at Yankee Stadium than wild, romantic nights in the caravans. Felisha's outrageous beauty has nonetheless set her apart from her peers, to put it mildly. And why she's intent on violating the noble—well, at least interesting—blood of her ancestors by posing in the raw for all of you students of gynecology is one more curious contradiction in her personality.

(Continued on page 78)

Skin diving is a water sport
in which vinyl and venality
hold the balance of power

SCREWBA DUBA

By MICHELLE CRAVEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO MORRISON

RUBBER IS REAL. RUBBER IS RAUNCHY. RUBBER WILL BE THE TALK OF GIVENCHY.

Like the rest of our strange little world, sports can be divided into two categories . . . the anal and the oral. Anal activities are the ones that would probably bore the shit out of you anyway: some good examples are bird-watching, stamp collecting and dominoes. Now, oral sports, on the other hand, are wide open, pleasure-centered and real. In lots of ways they are intensely sexual. You sweat a lot and you can spend hours discussing their fine points in bars with buddies while feeling your passions rise with each passing statistic. Some good examples of these are conga dancing, the New York Yankees and the most oral sport ever invented, specifically, scuba diving.

There's a whole mescaline dream world down there, crazily beautiful, more eerie and seductive than your wildest imaginings. Unless you happen to be Jacques Cousteau. Now here is a man . . . of course, *Day of the Dolphins* had not been written yet . . . who knew at birth that his best friends could have fins. Either that, or he got into rubber and basic bondage very young, and figured that skin diving was the only reasonable excuse for a grown man to walk around trussed up like a harbor seal all day.

Sex is great stuff and we're all sold on it here and all that, but if you really wanna get wet and warm, if you're after an erotic turn-on that will take off the top of your head . . . wriggle into flippers, maneuver a snorkle mouthpiece over your tongue, and dive. The first natural high, a rush of oxygen to the brain, will make you feel, at the very least, like Flipper in your own Disney fish story.

Of course, like all enthusiasts, scuba divers are insufferable when separated from their beloved sport.

TOTE DAT HOSE. SUCK DAT TUBE. YA GITS A LITTLE HORNY AND YA RUBS YER PUBES.

Hence, our two kinky mermaids, stranded in a ladies' room in South Dakota, thousands of miles from a barrier reef but pretty close to a shower and a garden hose and a stereo playing Brian Wilsòn's immortal "Surf's Up." In their geographical frustration they have taken to practicing balanced breathing, only without tanks. For regulators and pressure valves they have only their own splendid tongues, yearning for the press of plastic against the jawbone . . . it's sad.

Skin diving is full of secret thrills, a great many of them involving suction. For example, there is the sharp intake of breath, sometimes resulting in a blackout, the first time you see a three-foot barracuda cruising your way. As there are not too many barracudas being ballsy in ladies' rooms, they have to practice being terrified on each other and compensate for the absence of real fish, but they would be so much happier 75 feet down the reef cliff just outside Montego Bay.

Take pity on these two. You could be just as desperate for wild times in a wet suit, if you ever let a snorkel into your life. The ocean will have us all.

EVE GOES DOWN ON LAURETTE.
THEY CALL IT "RAPTURE OF THE DEEP"!

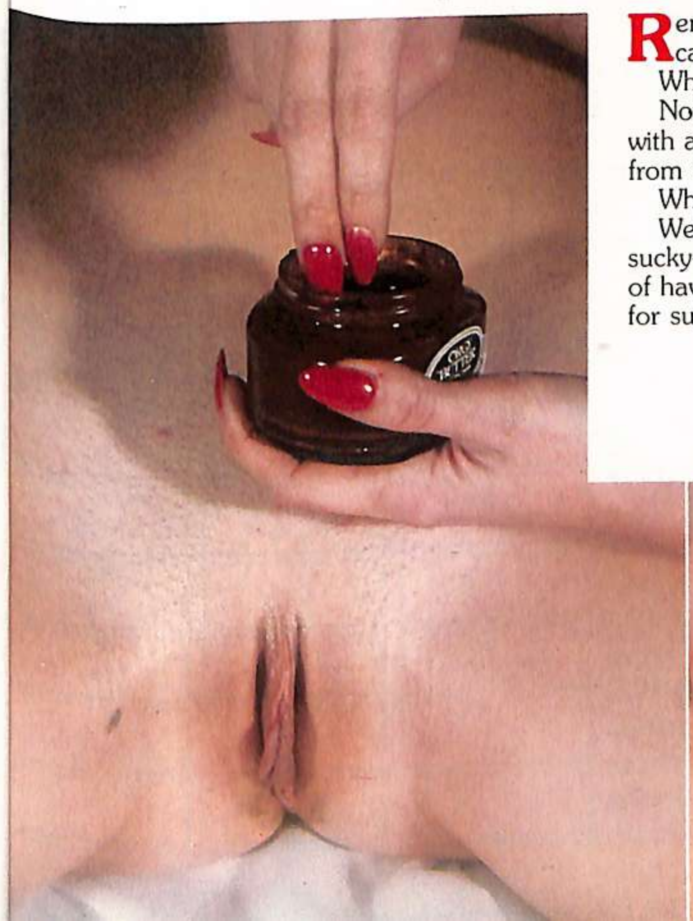
YVES ST. *WHAT*? CHRISTIAN *WHO*?
HARVEY FIRESTONE DESIGNS OUR DUDS!

Photographs by Rod Swenson

PUBE LUBES

By AUDREY ANDREWS

An informal consumer's guide to sex oils for pole and hole



Remember the first time you stuck your hand down some girl's panties and came up with a fistful of hot, wet snatch?

What a thrill!

Now, try to remember the first time you reached down for paydirt and emerged with a finger chafed from banging an impenetrable opening which was bone dry from overuse—or understimulation!

What a downer!

Well, most sexual sophisticates—especially those who dig marathon fucky-sucky-around-the-worldy sessions—have long since become hip to the necessity of having a good, dependable pole-greaser or crease-slosher ready and available for such emergencies.

"Good healthy lubricants like Vitamin E oil, Orgy Butter, or K-Y can make marathon sex sessions a pleasure instead of a pain in the ass. . . ."

What is amazing is how *un*sophisticated most sexperts are when it comes to exactly what lubricants to use in a given situation.

Recently, I decided to do some product-and-marketing research on the various kinds of lubricants available to the average love-makers. Here is my exclusive report:

By adding artificial flavorings, colorings and odiferous scents, the most enterprising of the pube lube manufacturers have been able to "create" hiply mod new lubricants. **Orgy Butter**, **Orgy Bettor** and **Joy Jell** are the three largest-selling scented lubricants. **Orgy Butter** offers the widest selection and most exotic variety: melon, grape, mint, strawberry, banana, and chocolate. Of all the scents, strawberry outsells all others two to one. Melon is reminiscent of Hawaiian Punch and the chocolate is a kinky brown color. Joy Jell is the greasiest of the three. If you prefer the natural flavor of sex, "Easy Going" is a mellow lubricant with a slippery, sensuous feel.

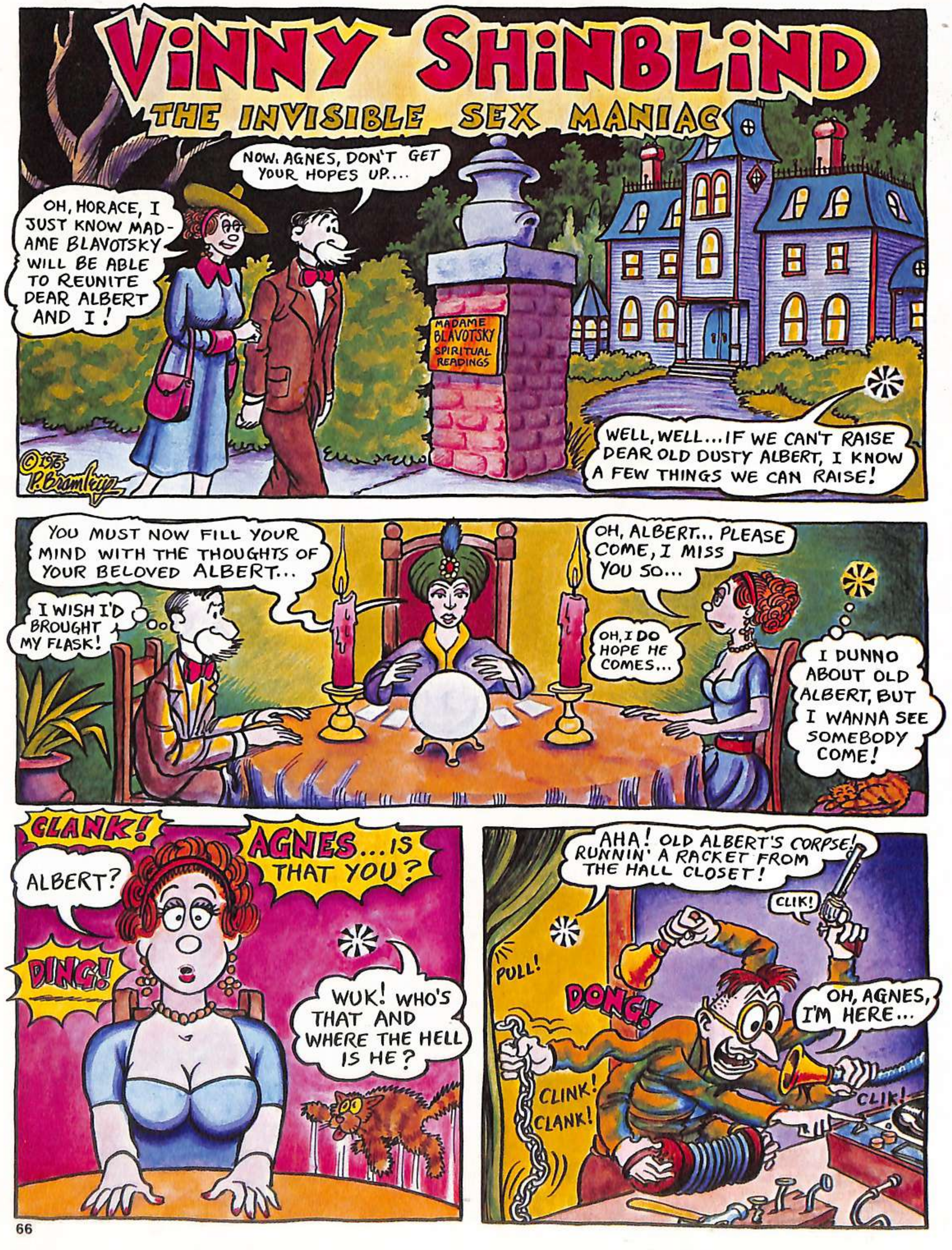
A lubricant can also do more than just lubricate. **Emotion Lotion**, probably a glycerin base, gets hot when you blow on it. **Anthos** comes packaged in handy foil packets and contains an antiseptic, boric acid, which may or may not help in controlling those annoying social diseases. **Extend**, **Stud 100** and **Mr. Prolong** are desensitizing lubricants used to control premature ejaculation. They produce a loss of sensation in the penis and, used too early in the game, can interfere with getting hard.

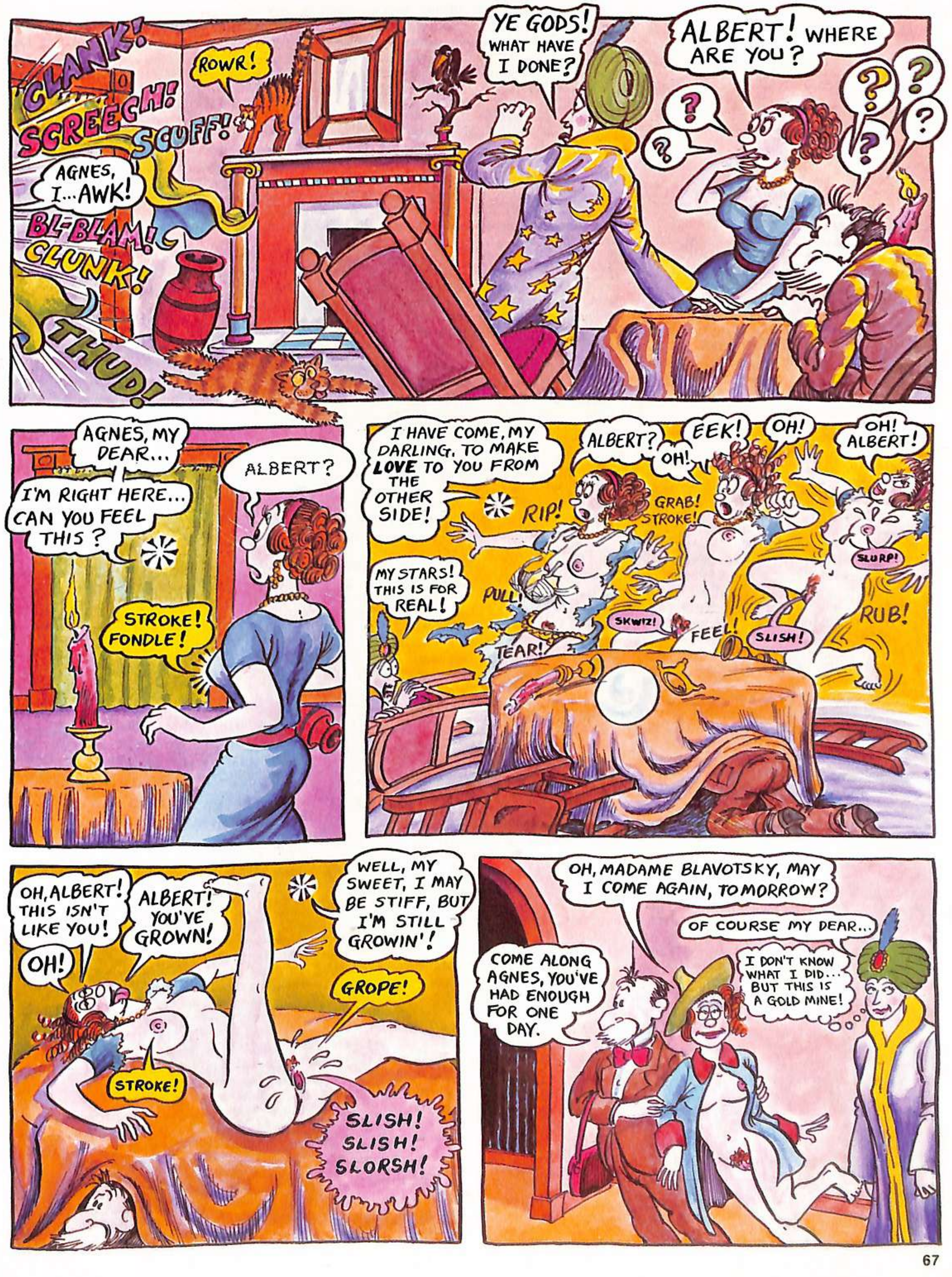
Hap-Penis, *(Continued on page 78)*

AUDREY'S KEY TO PUBE LUBE RATINGS

5	🍒🍒🍒🍒🍒	BODACIOUSLY ECSTATIC
4	🍒🍒🍒🍒	TAKES CARE OF BUSINESS
3	🍒🍒🍒	BEATS ABSTINENCE
2	🍒🍒	THE SHITS
1	🍒	THE PITS

LUBRICANT	RECOMMENDED		USES			COST	WATER SOLUBLE	REMARKS
	HAND JOB	BLOW JOB	CUNT FUCKING	ASS FUCKING	FIST FUCKING			
ANTHOS	🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	.75/3 ¼ oz pk $4.00/4 oz	X	Contains an antiseptic.
BABY OIL (MINERAL)	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	.89/4 oz $1.99/16 oz		Natural laxative when taken internally. Drying to skin.
BUTTER	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	.67/2 sticks .77/whipped		Best unsalted.
CRISCO	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	.79/1 lb $2.09/3 lb		Odor lingers for days.
EASY GOING	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	$1.75/2 oz	X	Unscented.
EMOTION LOTION	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	$2.00/4 oz	X	Glycerin base.
EXTEND	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	$3.00/½ oz		Contains 2 anesthetics.
USP GLYCERIN	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	$1.19/2 oz	X	Gets hot with friction and has a pleasant sweet taste.
HAP-PENIS	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	$5.00/7 oz	X	Good packaging.
JOY JELL	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	$1.50/2 oz		Greasy.
K-Y JELLY	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	$1.00/2 oz	X	Best all-round lubricant.
MR. GEORGE	🍒🍒	🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	$4.00/10 oz	X	Great package, but tastes like soap.
MR. PROLONG	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	$4.00/½ oz		Spray sparingly.
ORGY BETTOR	🍒	🍒	🍒	🍒	🍒	$3.00/4 oz		Butter is better.
ORGY BUTTER	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	$3.00/4 oz	X	Comes in a large selection of flavors containing mild anesthetics.
SALIVA	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	Free	X	Often most readily available.
STUD 100	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒	$5.75/7/16 oz		Spray sparingly.
VASELINE PETRO JELLY	🍒🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒	🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒	$1.49/15 oz		Old reliable.
VITAMIN E OIL	🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	🍒🍒🍒	$5.45/2 oz		Nice nutty taste.
WILD ROOT HAIR CREAM	🍒🍒	🍒	🍒	🍒	🍒	$1.79/14 oz	X	Use only in desperation.


VINNY SHINBLIND
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
OH, HORACE, I JUST KNOW MADAME BLAVOTSKY WILL BE ABLE TO REUNITE DEAR ALBERT AND I!
NOW, AGNES, DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP....
MADAME BLAVOTSKY SPIRITUAL READINGS
WELL, WELL... IF WE CAN'T RAISE DEAR OLD DUSTY ALBERT, I KNOW A FEW THINGS WE CAN RAISE!
©1973 P. Bramley
YOU MUST NOW FILL YOUR MIND WITH THE THOUGHTS OF YOUR BELOVED ALBERT...
I WISH I'D BROUGHT MY FLASK!
OH, ALBERT... PLEASE COME, I MISS YOU SO...
OH, I DO HOPE HE COMES...
I DUNNO ABOUT OLD ALBERT, BUT I WANNA SEE SOMEBODY COME!
CLANK!
ALBERT?
AGNES... IS THAT YOU?
DING!
WUK! WHO'S THAT AND WHERE THE HELL IS HE?
AHA! OLD ALBERT'S CORPSE! RUNNIN' A RACKET FROM THE HALL CLOSET!
CLIK!
PULL!
DONG!
OH, AGNES, I'M HERE...
CLINK!
CLANK!
CLIK!


CLANK!
SCREECH!
SCUFF!
ROWR!
AGNES, I...AWK!
BL-BLAM!
CLUNK!
THUD!
YE GODS! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
ALBERT! WHERE ARE YOU?
?
?
?
?
?
AGNES, MY DEAR...
I'M RIGHT HERE... CAN YOU FEEL THIS?
ALBERT?
STROKE! FONDLE!
I HAVE COME, MY DARLING, TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU FROM THE OTHER SIDE!
ALBERT?
OH!
EEK!
OH!
OH! ALBERT!
RIP!
GRAB! STROKE!
SLURP!
MY STARS! THIS IS FOR REAL!
PULL!
SKWIZ!
FEEL!
SLISH!
RUB!
TEAR!
OH, ALBERT! THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU!
ALBERT! YOU'VE GROWN!
WELL, MY SWEET, I MAY BE STIFF, BUT I'M STILL GROWIN'!
OH!
GROPE!
STROKE!
SLISH! SLISH! SLORSH!
OH, MADAME BLAVOTSKY, MAY I COME AGAIN, TOMORROW?
OF COURSE MY DEAR...
COME ALONG AGNES, YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID... BUT THIS IS A GOLD MINE!

50 WOMEN TO SPEND YOUR $50 REBATE ON

(Continued from page 43)

20. ANNA MOOSKINSKY (Toledo, Ala.) has found it impossible to lose weight from her bountiful bottoms. She's shaped like a pear. So for only $50 she will fly you in a small charter plane over the Andes and crash. Then she will let you amputate the lower halves of her golden globes to eat for survival. For an extra 15¢, she'll peel out the Polish National Anthem at the top of her whimsical voice while you chew. This is a once in a lifetime deal, and Anna's getting pretty desperate. (HG)

21. HELEN TROMBONE (Fort Veggy, Okla.) will trace your family tree by studying the configuration of popped-out veins on your engorged schlong. She traces each vein with the underside of the toe next to her big toe, and can tell you instantly how well hung your great grandfather was, or how big those tits were of that Aunt on your father's side, or whether your mother liked to get screwed in the ass or not. A bargain at $50. A must for circumsized trivia freaks. (HG)

22. FREDRICKA FORESKIN (Hollywood, Ark.) An ex-Dikette, Miss Foreskin was expelled from Wina's revue because of her tacky appearance—the safety pins holding down her wig-hat, and the frizzy hair matted under her armpits. But the main reason was that the Dike discovered that she was a sex-change one night in the back seat of his golden oldsmobile. Now for only $50 you can buy yourself a Minister of Space Age Underwear Degree from Fredricka of Arkansas, and never have to pay tax on your property—or your crotch padding—ever again!(HG)

23. HEDDA LETTUCE (Flushing, N.J.) offers a complete assortment of both fuckable and *eatable* vegetables into the orifice of your choice from her immaculate suburban kitchen. Hedda, an alumni of the Mystic University, tired quickly of the cosmic dilemma, and invested her wad in her one talent—stuffing zucchini around your tonsil and sphincter for a multi-enema effect. Her mail order catalogue, "Vegetables Don't Have To Be Boring" is available at all Foolworths and Foolcos at $49.95. (HG)

24. VERNA VIBRATIONS (Uptown) Black ass with class and sass, recently failed with reggae band when lead guitarist was arrested for having hairstyle declared a public nuisance and drummer was taken away for growing ganja in Bronx backyard. "Shee-it, this sure ain't Jamaica," wails Verna as chill winds caress her corner; score this baby and you get 2 choruses of "No Woman, No Cry," four tokes of a real corn-husk spliff and a kind of rhythmic tropical warmth usually associated with pigs in rut in her beloved native island . . . which, outside of political uprising, is the only activity to be found there at all. (MC)

25. NIPSY PERITONITIS (Boomont, Tex.) offers a session of the best sado-masochism in the Rio Grande Valley. Nipsy uses a gold toothpick to explore your infected root canals as she jerks you off with her free hand. Nipsy makes a delectable hors d'oeuvre which you can take home. It's included in the original charge. (JB)

26. LAURA SNIT (Harris Park, Pa.) sells mail order weather balloons filled with scum. She's been draining the sheets of the Moon Motel on Interstate 80 for the past seven years. Laura got the idea for her business when a boyfriend once gave her a doggie bag filled with scum as a valentine. She calls her product "Sweetheart Juice." A gallon of cum ($50) will fill up the balloon well enough for a couple to fuck on it. (JB)

27. BLIND SALLY LaRUE (Bullpuckee, Me.) offers a white cane job for $50. Sally rubs the tip of a cane in a mixture of calamine lotion and spanish fly and then rams it up her customers' asses. The pain, we hear, is blinding! (JB)

28. BIG MAMA MOSES (Beverly, Mass.) is a car mechanic who will grease your vehicle (or person) with human nature's very own lubricant. Her nose is also available for extracurricular face fucking. Each nostril takes up to six inches of prick or dildo. (JB)

29. BELLE A. DONNA (Waterlog, Ia.) offers her unique spiraled cunt for your tax rebate money. Belle had grooves put between her legs and tells CHERI that any man with foreskin can adapt and screw her silly with tight precision. Home of the rifled fuck. (JB)

30. ENID EUSTACHE (Potland, Ore.) has an ear fetish. She was born with an extremely large and vulnerable eustachian tube opening that looms right behind her tonsils. Any above-average dick can slide between tongue and tonsil and touch base with her inner ear. It's a dizzing experience for both, and well worth the money. (JB)

31. GLOXINIA SKIDMORE (Riverside Drive, New York City) Gloxy is an heiress troubled by the guilt of compounding interest, and so seeks to liberate her working 'sisters'—chambermaids, waitresses and other weary workers—by opening up the world's first penthouse day-care center. She'll not only suffer real sexual abuse for all that guilt, she'll throw in a two-hour lecture on urban feminism.You'll doze off to dreamland in no time at all. (MC)

32. PATTI CREEMCHEEZE (Uniondale, Wash.) Has mouth, will maneuver, extremely upwardly mobile in rock circles and on circular beds. "But the hassle is," she whines, "when the super-groups get hot, they go on these friggin' European tours, yannoe?" Gut passion for DeeDee Ramone has driven her to camping out at airports as bass player boogeys on to First Class International. Works out of Ladies' Room stall near Gate 21; cut-rates if you've got album credits. (MC)

33. GAEL GRUNGE (Chicago, Ill.) Girl reporter desperate for experience in 'really real' life situations. Tried to turn herself into dolphin writing a piece on the menace of offshore drilling; attempted metamorphosis into gun moll for expose of mob skimming slot-machine revenues. Now doing piece for Cosmo entitled, "Would you be happier if your boyfriend was a pimp?" Talks a lot, gives lousy head, but very eager to learn . . . anything. Also corrects term papers. (MC)

34. MARY-LOU LUNZ (Hawley, Pa.) Barroom banjo player trying to crash the big time with heart-rending ragtime rendition of "Me or Booze—You'll Have to Chooze," detailing problems with usually-soused spouse. Husband, who has spent the last 15 years reading Jack Daniels labels, wants to turn her out or turn her off, will turn you on to her for $50 and another round of the sippin' stuff. Tell her you're crazy about Loretta Lynn and she'll finger your frets all the way to Nashville and back. (MC)

35. MARY MONILIA (Morristown, N.J.) will restore your lost prestige with your friends, as well as helping you out in awkward first date situations. You say you haven't been laid in a year? For a paltry$50, in just one fuck, Mary will give you Herpes Simplex (Strain II), non-specific urethritis, communicable cystitis, and a healthy dose of the crabs. Now you can complain bitterly about your discharges and itches to the guys you hang out with at the corner luncheonette, and get out of fucking that dog of a blind date your mother fixed you up with for New Year's Eve. (SF)

36. MARY MAGDELENA MINSKY (Christtown, S.D.) spends most of her free time doing her beads and changing the Holy Water in the fonts under her six plastic crucifixes. If you promise to give her $50 for the Sunday collection plate, she will genuflect and give you head in your pew, wash your feet every Easter, and then work on you for twenty-four straight hours until you ascend into Heaven. (SF)

37. HELGA POPPIN (Sheboyhegirl, Wisc.) is the stunning new hostess at the famed Ticky-Tacky club in her home city. For ten dollars, she will get you and your party a table next to an open bathroom. For another ten, she will seat you adjacent to the kitchen. Slip her another sawbuck, and she'll put your wife in a separate dining room, and give you superb head during the fish course. For the full fifty, sport, (and it's worth it) you'll get a seat by a window, and she'll switch your wife's cloth coat for the floor-length Emba mink on the way out. No sex with that—but what do you expect—everything?

38-40. DIANE, ANDREA, SUZANNE (Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil, See No Evil, Illinois) For fifty crispy greenbacks you honchos horny for the handicapped can have a veritable field day. Dumb Diane, Sightless Suzanne and "What dja say", Andrea will stimulate your senses as well as titillate your twanger. This frolicsome threesome will primarily consist of Suzanne humping the doorknob (thinking it's you), Dianne mouthing obscenities as she rides your rod, and Andrea shouting, "Speak up" as you plead with her to sit on your face. (AA)

41-43. MYRTLE, CHARLINE AND BRENDA-ANN (Beau-Rivage Salon de Beaute, Pittsburgh) These blow-dry babies really swing, and for $50 and tips they'll make the kind of house call Warren Beatty only groped at in "Shampoo." "It's the hottest stuff in the suburbs," burbles Myrtle, daytime manicurist and nighttime mover and shaker, "the wives goin' bi. We'll drive over, turn 'em both on and rinse 'em off with a wash and set afterwards. It's our 'Come-Clean' Special, but conditioning is extra. You really oughtta ask for it though . . . one thing that really bums us out is when they go down and there you are lookin' straight at split ends." (MC)

44. STELLA BLUNDER (Who-Turned-Off-The-Lights, N.J.) If blind is beautiful, this buxom bozo is no example. *However*, press twenty-five smackos into her palm and you can insert her cane into the orifice of your choice. For an additional twenty-five dollars you can pee in her tin cup and listen to her confusedly respond, "Is it raining?" What better way to spend a Sunday? (AA)

45. POLLY P. LEGIC (Cripple Creek, Tenn.) Polly, who has spent the last fifteen years of her life doing a continual impression of Justin

(Continued on page 78)

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AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH cheri

Here's the stag movie buy of a lifetime! As you CHERI regulars already know, Cherry Bomb's boobs are *unbelievable*. And so are these two films, available for the first time, right here on the pages of America's cummiest news magazine.

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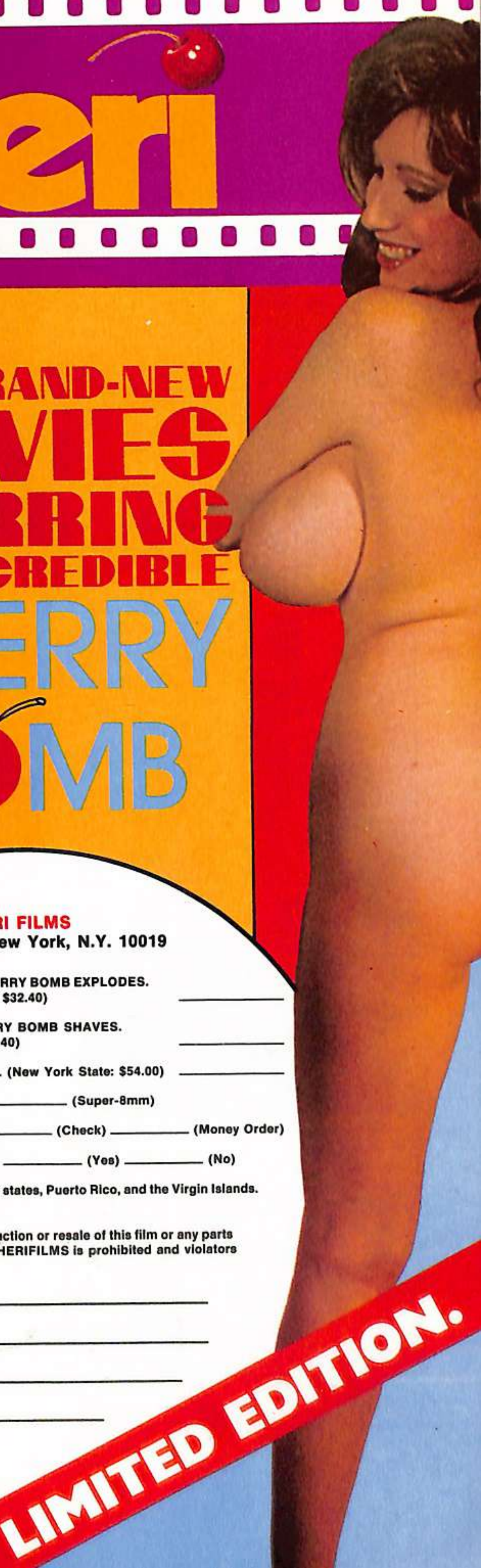

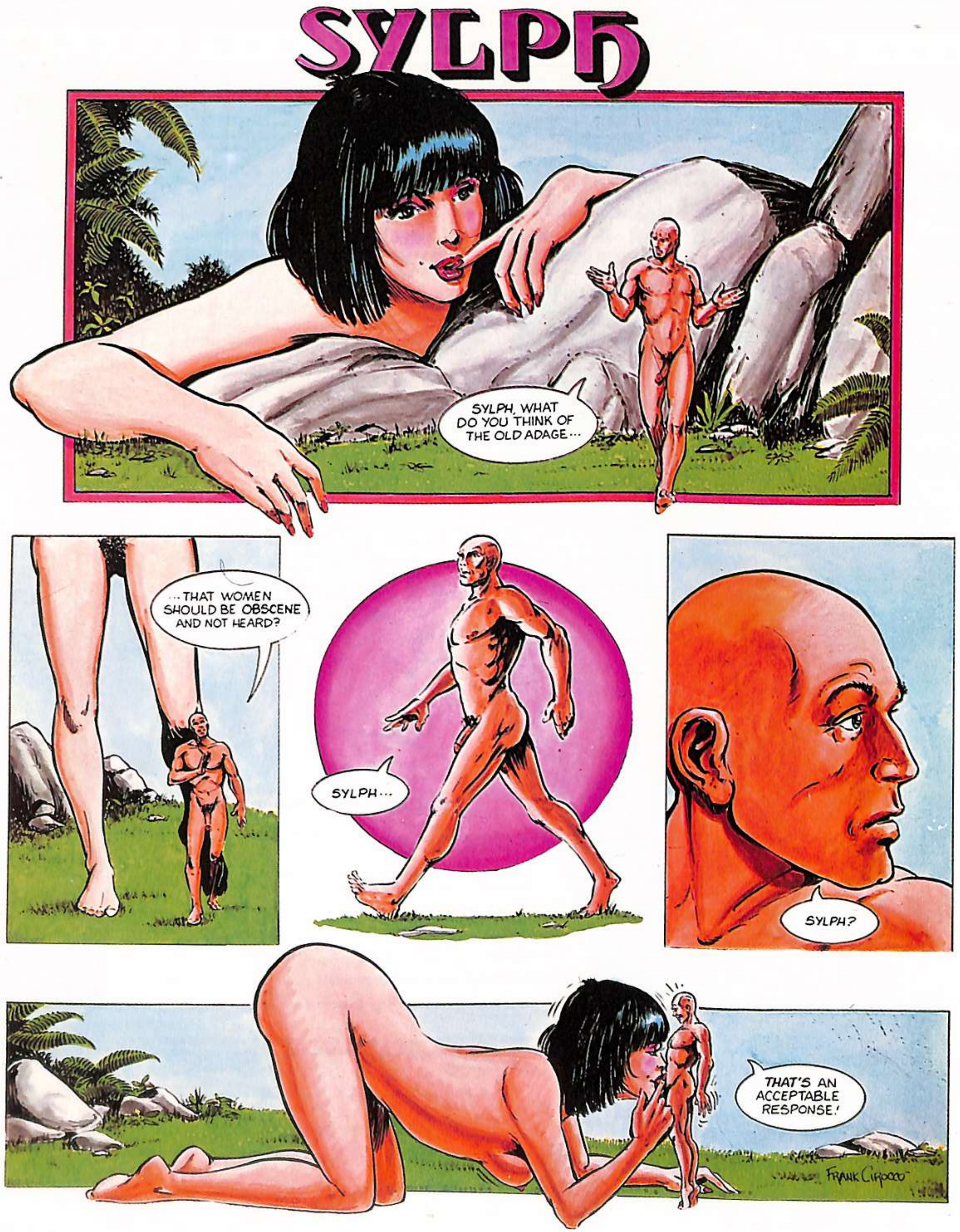
SYLPH
SYLPH, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE OLD ADAGE...
...THAT WOMEN SHOULD BE OBSCENE AND NOT HEARD?
SYLPH...
SYLPH?
THAT'S AN ACCEPTABLE RESPONSE!
FRANK CIROCCO

Hustling in L.A.

(Continued from page 44)

In the gray night, Jim walks along the alley. The sexual odor of amyl permeates the misty air. Men drift gracefully like dark searching ghosts in a silent ballet; flowing forms unite, float away to another, others. In the garages, darker bunched shadows stir. Under a stairway, at least five men devour each other, slowly, slowly. Against walls and in cars, bodies connect. Suspended in the dark, forms emerge recurrently beyond the misty scrim. Like in a dream. Jim stops his thoughts by surrendering to hands and mouths in protected shadows, his cock only barely hardening.

In the lighted window of an upstairs room over a garage, a naked man signals Jim as he cruises the alley. Jim looks away, walks toward the corner. The naked man has come down the stairs, is now standing in the street. He reaches out for Jim—but Jim pulls away. Although the man is attractive, his exhibitionism is too blatant.

Jim crosses the street, to another alley. Under a sheltered stairway shadows shift. Stirrings in a garage; shadows materialize. Men lean against telephone poles. Jim moves into a vacant garage. Garden implements are dark and strange, like dormant weapons. Immediately someone is with him. Others squat before others. Someone holds a vial of amyl under Jim's nose. He sniffs, the scene explodes in sex.

Now he stands by the partition between two buildings—until he notices that only a few feet away two men are fucking. He moves away.

The light of cars cruising the alleys entrap the walking figures, suspend them for moments in crystal light filtered through mist.

Now Jim is with a handsome man in an outdoor patio left unlocked. A garden table there, iron-grill doors. Dark windows stare blankly. The two bodies advance, slowly as if not to violate the mesmerized rhythm of the mysterious hunt outside. Both cocks, aroused but spent, touch limply.

In the alley again, Jim looks at his watch.

Not yet near dawn.

VOICE OVER: *Four Factions of the Rear Guard*

1

I attend a dinner of gay gentlemen and icy ladies.

Our host is a little man who adores collecting people. He looks like a gay monk. On a black and white tiled floor multiplied by mirrors, he's explaining breathlessly in the corridor who the combatants will be tonight:

"Oh, the usual Los Angeles royalty—though of *course* they're *all* from Pasadena—and our darling Dusty, an ex-Busby Berkley chorus boy—he'll be 5000 years old in February, and the poor thing *still* thinks he's the cutest thing in dyed feathers! You'll *adore* Natasha, she's a Russian duchess, simply *devastated* by the Revolution, and now she's a lab technician but she reads cards. And the wife of Herman von Dern? She *never* says an intelligent word. Oh, there *is* a strange little man all in white and one emerald, I *think* he's famous but God only knows what *for*!—he's here with his muscleman 'prodigy,' a Mr. Somebody (you two might like each other). . . . Oh, yes, and Otto, a clairvoyant from Orange County. Simply *marvelous* with earthquakes. Do you know Billy Adams?—the son of Alexa Alexandra?—the silent movie star? Most people don't *know* it, but she was a deaf-mute, and you can *imagine* what the talkies did to *her*. And some others. . . ." He pauses for breath; we're at the ornate door to his apartment. He turns suddenly to me and says: "Oh, and I want to tell you I adore your book!"

"Which one?" I ask, somewhat irritated; I've written five, and people still refer to my "book."

"*City of Night*, of course," he says inevitably. "Oh, it was forward of me to call you out of nowhere—but how else? How else? But let's go in. Everyone is simply *dying* to meet you!"

Entering, I see the incredible ensemble; here and there, are a few very beautiful determinedly sexless women, one in a tuxedo. I'm wearing a tight, very open shirt, and I love how I am being looked at; I am obviously the evening's fresh blood—myself and the other muscular man, who sits rigidly throughout the evening with the man who "sponsors" him in body contests.

The chairs are all high-backed, of course. Velvet cuddles the room. The light is, oh, golden. A yellow chandelier twinkles flirtatiously.

The ladies and gentlemen are wearing emeralds, diamonds, rubies, pearls—one gentleman exhibits at least a dozen rings on a chain ("his fingers are too *fat*," our host whispers.)

Dusty, the Busby Berkeley chorus boy, wears a tacky necklace of pukah shells. "They're quite expensive," he informs Count Etienne, a skinny man with plucked eyebrows —no relation to the duchess here.

"Hmmm," says his lordship.

"I paid $50 for the necklace," the ex-chorus boy insists.

Flashing rubies and emeralds, the count says, "Oh, *nice!* But you know, dear, you have to have a certain *bubbly* personality to get away with *those* things—*you* have it, *I* don't."

Dusty waits for his turn. It comes, twice. His lordship is narrating the shock he felt when an ordinary policeman came to his door by mistake. In Pasadena!

Dusty strikes. "And the Pasadena ladies looking out their windows said, 'Oh, my God, she's entertaining the military now!'" He loops the pukah-shell necklace about his wrist.

Drinks about the room are like colored water in goblets: green, red, amber. Photographs of the great stars line bookshelves; the gorgeous artificial faces next to dead flowers.

When the Count comments favorably on my body, I ask what he does.

"Mostly I'm a Count," he answers.

And the Busby Berkeley chorus boy strikes again: "Cunt?"

His lordship smiles tolerantly. The rabble! "Count, dear, with an 'O'."

"Oh," says the ex-chorus boy, and goes on to tell about the death of Hollywood and glamor.

"So many funerals," sighs Billy Adams, the son of the mute star. "So many stars dying. Gone, gone. I went to Mandy Mandeville's funeral. She looked terrible—so shriveled, so tiny. They used to be bigger. Oh, but at Forest Lawn this adorable youngman insisted I buy a plot there—before need. And I did."

"Did you buy the youngman or the plot?" asks the host.

"It overlooks Glendale," the famous son of Alexa Alexandra says.

"How chic," says His Lordship.

The icy ladies sip their drinks frostily. They look like Russian spies in an American movie.

"My *God!*—I thought you were dead," Dusty the ex-chorus boy says to a new guest, a man who played the evil scientist in dozens of movies.

Natasha the Russian duchess wants to read the cards for me—but there's only an incomplete deck, two incomplete decks. So she mixes them—different-size cards. In her chubby hands, they flutter to the floor. "Fuck it," she says.

The clairvoyant tells me he doesn't need the cards to tell me I have powers I haven't even discovered yet and I'll win the contest I'm entering.

But the old gentleman "famous for God knows what"—and he *is* all in white, with just one huge emerald—says, no, no, it's *his* muscular friend—who hasn't said a word—who is entering the contest.

Oh.

Somebody tells me he loved my book.

"Which one?" I ask.

"*City of Night*, of course."

"Do you still hustle?" the ex-chorus boy asks me naughtily.

"Yes," I say defiantly.

"You know," he goes on. "I occasionally dial the telephone on the corner of Selma, and I speak to the hustlers—so exciting!"

My God, I've talked to him!

I want to affront them all, they're so uptight, reactionary. "I also go to alleys."

His Lordship says he couldn't get involved with alleys because, being inbred royalty, he has to guard against disease. "It would *kill* me," he says. From his coat-of-armed jacket he pulls out an ivory fan, which he spreads expertly—*swushhh!*—as if to chase away deadly germs, especially those that may be coming from the ex-chorus boy.

I tell the count he could go to clean alleys.

"What kills *me*," says Dusty the Busby Berkeley chorus boy, "is that all the niggers are driving Cadillacs." The gentleman in white asks him didn't he wear feathers in his last film?

"What happens in the alleys?" the clairvoyant asks.

"Some clairvoyant," sighs the host.

"Fucking and sucking." I don't like how I'm sounding, but I want to protest this stagnation.

"Oh, it was all more fun and sexy before the so-called sex revolution," says Billy Adams, the famous son, "before all this sexual revolution mess. *We* kept in our closets."

"My family lost their *estate* in a revolution," His Lordship sneers icily.

"Mine too," echoes the duchess, "that's why I'm a lab technician."

The table is set: Silver plates shine under hypnotized candles.

The sexless beauties look like killers.

Now here's a guru in flowing robes—just out of jail for attempting to shoot his lover. "Om, Om."

The beauty in the tuxedo gets told not to smile—she hasn't—or she'll ruin her lovely baby face. The gentleman in white suggests that his 'friend' and I arm wrestle.

(Continued on page 85)

FINALLY! THE ULTIMATE IN LIFE-SIZE LOVE DOLLS

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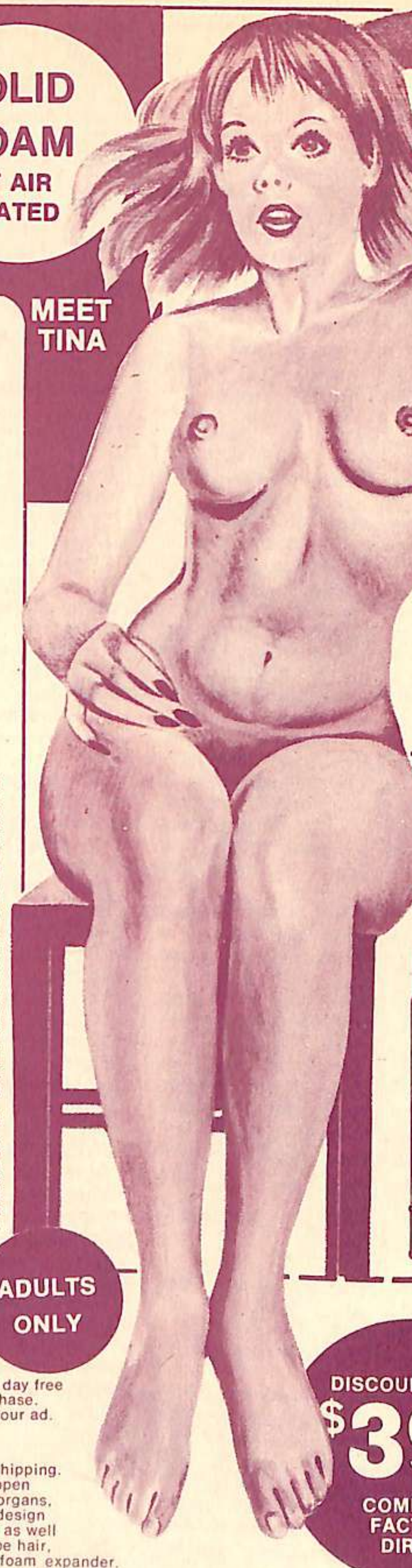

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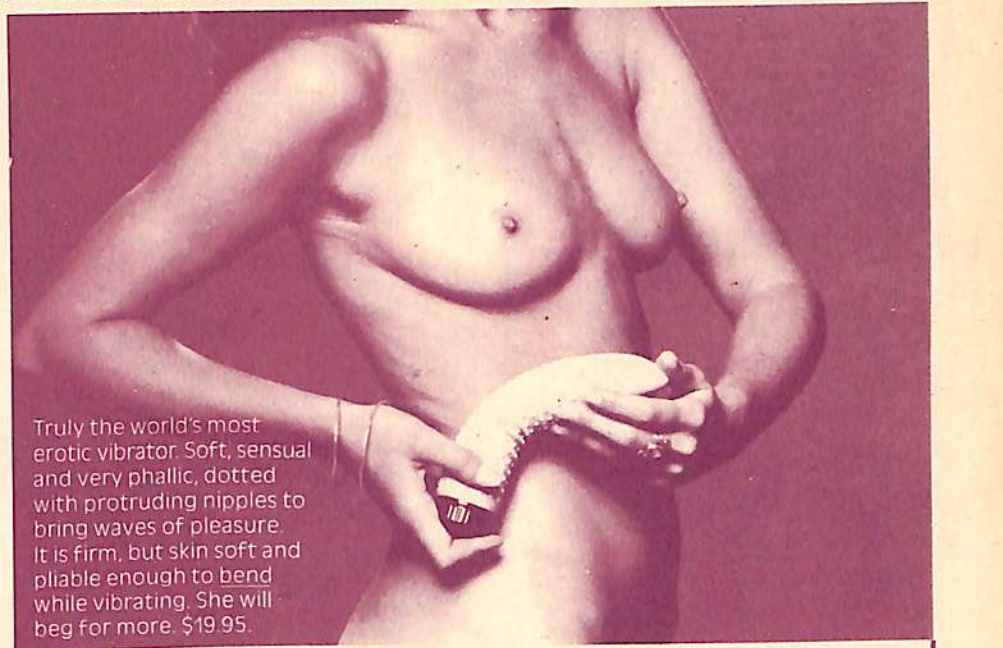

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ROCK WORLD

(Continued from page 12)

and I'll be sure to get some to ya soon.

On the home front, the New York club scene is the hottest thing happening now. It's taken awhile to evolve. The scene was started at a club on the Bowery called CBGB's, owned by Hilly Kristal. And the band that initiated the stir, Television, has just released its first album on Electra/Asylum. Soon, bands started popping up like rats out of the cellar. They were hot and nasty, and become known as 'punk bands'. Of course, there's been endless debate on just what is a *punk* band. After seeing many of them, I'd like to take a stab at it. Rock music started out as basic, raunchy, gut-crunchy music. It didn't stay that way for long. Many top bands, having made so many statements with the same formula, began to add complexity, pretentiousness, orchestration, and just generally over-elaborate their music. This costs plenty too, and one band reached a pinacle by spending over $600,000 to record an album. How far could it go? Enter punkism. No new fad, or plan. Just a return to the skeleton, the prime ingredients. No flab, no excess. No breath. Which brings us to the Ramones.

Four guys from Queens in leather jackets, jeans, dark glasses. Without half trying, they are the most macho band on earth. Also the loudest, fastest (their longest song is 2:10) and skinniest. Will you like em? Well, their music devastates you like an electric adrenalin rush. You don't think. You get rolled over by the Ramones' Express. They are probably the only true punk band. (Even Iggy's doing disco.) When the boys play, they turn their amps all the way up and blow the roof off the place for twenty minutes. It's a short set, but how much can you take? On stage, they look like they want to beat the shit out of you, and their words reflect these feelings in laymen's terms. With songs like *I don't want to walk around with you, Loudmouth, Beat on the brat,* and *Now I want to go and sniff some glue,* they have the power.

I'll tell you one thing. This new rock is sure inspiring a lot of sex. The other day, at my boyfriend's house, we were just getting ready to get into some heavy humping. I was hot as hell (and he gives the best head on earth). After eating me for almost an hour, I couldn't wait any longer and demanded some of his big bong. So what does he do? He gets up, goes to the turntable, blasts on the Ramones, and jumps on me like a rabbit. We fucked so fast I couldn't catch my breath. By the time we were done, I felt like I had swum a hundred laps while holding a penny between my legs. Phweww. . . .

There is a plethora of other bands rising on the scene now, some gaining recognition, and some splitting up after one gig. They basically stay underground (nee local) till they get picked up on. Its a scene worth watching, and next month I'll bring you more info on the hottest bands in town, as well as my adventures with my good friends the Kinks, with whom I just spent an insane week, and lots of horny gossip from my groupie friends. Meanwhile, get the Ramones' album and try fucking to it!! Remember, you read it here first. Ta . . .

KIM POPE

(Continued from page 29)

into the swingers of Florida.

THREESOME
by Miki Hai

How can I be lonely with your
nakedness against mine?
Why the frightening solitude though
I hear your even breathing?
Why do I feel so unloved although
I know you love me?
But tonight we three made love,
and your lips were on her breasts,
And your probing fingers sought
her, you took her almost hungrily,
And though at last you came to me
with warm and tender love
Exhausting aching bodies with
nothing left to give.
It was she your arms held tenderly
as we closed our eyes to sleep
And though your skin is touching
mine why can't I feel your
nearness?

I had gone to Florida armed with a stack of "swingers magazines," a couple of addresses and a brochure from a club called "Playhouse One," *(CHERI, May)* in Fort Lauderdale. After some phone calls and some deliberation I chose a couple whose ad had read "liberal couple, she serene and oriental, he tall and well built. Discretion assured. We believe that swingers can be friends—so please, let's be friends."

I arrived at the appointed hour and was a bit surprised when they answered the door. The pictures they had sent were rather out of date. Yes, she was oriental but she resembled Bloody Mary more than the sweet young girl the fuzzy picture had depicted. He hadn't changed much but his hair had given way to a shining bald pate. The sinking feeling in my stomach was making my smile weak and wan. They were in truth very kind and I enjoyed talking to them but I certainly wasn't about to swing with them. They told me that they had been swinging for over twenty years and sorta apologized about the picture. "We couldn't find any recent ones—we knew you wouldn't mind . . ." When I said that I had an appointment and couldn't really stay, they seemed to understand and we parted friends—I hope. I knew that my luck had to change. Common sense told me that there had to be some beautiful people into swinging in Florida and it was up to me to find them!

My last try was the Playhouse One, a private swing club in a pleasant section of Fort Lauderdale. When I found the address and a gentleman let me in I said a silent eureka. The people on first glance all seemed quite attractive and pleasant. Bobi, and Del, the managers and masterminds of the evidently successful club were bubbly and enthusiastic. They were also quite articulate. I had been very honest when I had called to ask permission to attend a meeting, so they knew that I was doing an article on swinging. They were concerned that the picture be presented fairly, with the good points brought out as well as the more sensational bad ones. Sure, some swingers are old, fat and boorish. But some are young, beautiful and charming. It's up to the seeker to search out compatible folks, and after all beauty is in the eye of the beholder and even oldsters need love.

Bobi and Del ushered me around the club which was functional, if not elegant. Soft rock was playing with a live band and couples were dancing and drinking at the bar. A game room was set up in the back with a pool table, ping pong and pinball providing additional activities. There is no on-premises swinging. It is just as Bobi stated, "Opportunity with no obligation." They said that they were seeking to raise swinging to a sophisticated level, rather than a pornographic one. They consider swinging a valid alternate lifestyle and assured me that for a sound marriage, swinging is tremendous foreplay for what you have at home. The other couples that I spoke to seemed to agree. They said that group sex would not help a poor marriage much but that it usually improved a good one. They felt that they all were all much happier with themselves as well as with their mates since becoming swingers. The women said that they were no longer jealous and suspicious of their mates' wandering glances. And they added that their increased sexual skill certainly didn't hurt their chances for marital bliss. They said that so-called straight relationships were based on lies and deception. Most husbands strayed and many wives as well and the real danger was the resentment and distrust that the lies brought about. Swingers could have their cake and eat it too—literally! They were very convincing and sincere. While they were not all young, many were quite stunning with an age range from late teens through the fifties, the average being middle thirties. But more important they seemed to care for one another and be genuinely concerned for each others' welfare.

This club even sponsors a weekly encounter group for swingers to discuss topics such as jealousy, bisexuality, etc. I, myself, am not a swinger but if I were, these would be the folks I would choose. Their newsletter is full of fun ideas. They have "Las Vegas Nights," and "Irma la Duce Nights," where the guys are given funny money with which to buy the favors of the gals, plus parties and activities galore. If you're going to swap mates, at least do it with some imagination and pizzazz. If you're new to swinging, my advice would be to be cautious at first and take the time to find people who are compatible. For many it can be unsettling at first. We must be patient with one another and remember that we are all individuals with our own likes and dislikes. If you are curious, try it and see. Some will find that it isn't for them and will return to a more conventional style of marriage. But for some it may prove a joyous and liberating experience.

If you are planning a trip to Florida, Playhouse One's address is: P.O. Box 9415, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, 33310. Try some swinging Southern style! But most important, keep your sense of humor about the whole thing and don't forget to write us here at CHERI and let us know about adventures and misadventures. We really love hearing from you and above all, *we care!* Til next month—Love 'n kisses,

Kim

(P.S. Poem is reprinted from the Playhouse One newsletter.)

50 WOMEN TO SPEND YOUR $50 REBATE ON

(Continued from page 68)

and Janet from *American Bandstand*, is a splendid change for you guys who hate chicks *dead in bed*. Always on the move, shake, twist and turn, Polly can promise you a ride you won't soon forget (although you might wish you could!) (AA)

46. TANYA TEACHME (University Park, Idaho) For a mere half a C-note, this erotically erudite educator will teach you fifty ways to love your fishbowl and other handy household items for those long lonely nights you seem to be having lately. (AA)

47. WERNA EST (Some Ballroom, Mo.) For fifty dollars this bleached-out, streaked over princess will pace your parlor saying things like, "My life has never been the same since . . .", "Everything is beautiful" and "I don't know the meaning of hate." Your fifty also entitles you to lock this lovely in your livingroom—committing her to a weekend without food as you insult her by tearing apart her tepid personality and tell her she had a lousy nose-job. (AA)

48-50. THE LEANLOW SISTERS (Welk, Wisc.) A once-in-a-life-time special bargain price of fifty dollars will buy you a moment of lust with this trio of tempestuous tuners. Humming ditties like "Tiny Bubbles", they'll shake their titties with wild abandon as you choose the blonde beauty of choice to splay across the dancefloor. Then you can whip out your accordion and play "Lady of Spain" while she jacks off with the mike. (AA)

The Gypsy

(Continued from page 52)

Felisha is, let's face it, a knockout! Sitting in our local bar, with her lustrous gypsy locks falling over a superb face sculpted of honeyed rose petals, she caused even more commotion than the last time they raised the price of drinks. Undulating her breathtaking bosom—the one she keeps all those old gypsy traditions in—she let loose the particular street-tough patois of the playful impure to try and explain to us the way things really are . . . sort of. In no time at all, we remembered the old saying that if you ask a real gypsy a question twenty different times you will get twenty really different answers to be taken into consideration. She was volubly versatile and the number of gin fizzes she was downing just helped thicken the smokescreen.

Maybe it was the questions we asked. Does she still live at home? "Well, yeah—but I gotta move out. Okay, so they let me build that disco on the top floor. Strobe lights, ya know, the ones that flash, and a good sound system but now they're hasslin' me 'cause it's too noisy. Other than that, it's cool." Especially considering Felisha's attitude towards money. "What's money, anyway? It's all in where ya head is at. Guys think they can get anything off ya for bucks. Take this one dipshit: he says he's gonna put me inna film. I'm gorgeous and like that, but first he has ta audition me, he says. See if I know howta fuck, get it? He takes me up to his apartment and okay, I ball him—and then he says, Nah, I guess we'll take that other girl. Where is *that*? So as I'm leavin' I rip off the place a little—nothin' heavy, I left all the big stuff. Ya know I come from a very class background, my mothah, my real mothah was from Hungary, my uncle was very close ta the King. . . ."

"Hey, wait a minute," mumbled our beloved editor, sloshing out of his wet dream, "the last king they had was during the Austro-Hungarian Empire . . . and not only that, you're Polish, remember? Not to mention that somebody's been tryin' to pass you off as Bianca Jagger's little sister . . . what's the story here?"

"Yeah, Bianca, you noticed the resemblance? Everyone else does. When I was doin' a lotta boutique modelin', I met the chick. She's bi, ya know, but she didn't come on ta me. I wouldn't stand for none of that shit. Met her old man, too, Mick . . . very nice. I really get off on the Stones, even if they don't do too much disco."

How does she feel about . . . well, work? Did she ever consider anything as boring as being a secretary or something? "Nah. I've got my agent, ya know, an' he sets up . . ."

"He sets up what?"

Felisha heaved, shrugged, sighed and levelled a glance calling down the curses of centuries. "For ya information, that's my modelin' *representative*, no jive!" she snorted. "Geeze, whatta mind you got . . . but puttin' out a magazine like yours would flip out any guy, I guess. Goes too far—makes me *disgusted*. Nah, I don't approve of that.

"Or, ya know what else?" she elaborated, her quasi-royal Polish-Hungarian nostrils flaring fiercely. "Hookin', Sellin' yourself. When a girl does that she's really lower class. Girl gets a bad reputation like that. Like I told those ten guys at that party when I made that $250, I said, I don't know what kinda chick you got here, boys, but. . . ."

You see what it is dealing with gypsies? Our editor was so far beside himself he was under the bar stool. Grasping desperately for facts, he questioned "Wait—wait! What do you call that—a party where guys pay you $250? For what, laying spells on them? And how long has this been going on?"

"Oh, since I was thirteen. But it's not like ya think. When it comes to bed no guy gets it all outta me. He says, C'mon, get me off, I tell him, where is *that*? You get *me* off! Whaddaya think, I don't respect myself? So he goes an' then he pays me anyway one way or another an' one of them even gave me these sunglasses—pretty sharp, eh? It's all in havin' your head in the right place."

Our editor was so struck by this sultry, mysterious piece of folk wisdom that he suddenly remembered that our receptionist was out with a bad case of bronchitis. "Listen, Felisha," he murmured, signalling the waiter for a fourth, "how do you feel about honest labor—like answering phones? We need a girl at the front desk in the office . . . don't worry, it's a very laid-back place, no rules or anything."

"Well, I dunno," she considered. "I need the bucks for those gold hustlin' boots I saw at Fiorucci's . . . but your place is probably fulla weirdos, right? I might give it a try for a few days . . . but the first funny stuff, there's trouble."

The pandemonium that ensued in the next 48 hours would have done credit to one of the old "Fire in the Whorehouse" burlesque skits of yore. Felisha, though many-splendored, had apparently never understood the mysteries of the telephone. As our switchboard rang wildly, she picked up at random and yelled, "Yeah, whaddya want? Who? Nevah hearda him," to the various photographers, writers, production men and credit managers who hound us regularly. "Gee, I feel like I just stepped into a Mickey Spillane novel," said one guy, who had to call three times before he could make a connection. Felisha's other cheery responses included, "Yeah, who wants ta know?" and "I'll see if he wants ta talk to you—maybe he don't." Mostly she did her nails and tried out new disco steps to the Savannah Dance Band booming out from the all-noise station she immediately found on the office radio.

Work, desultory at best around our dive, ground to a halt. Phones rang so hysterically it sounded like a Swiss bell-ringers' convention. How does one tell one of royal blood, passionately flaring nostrils, exquisite sloe eyes and all the rest that one is possibly the greatest insult to proper office procedure since the sofa bed?

In between crises, Felisha explained her theory of breast development to her female co-workers, two of whom, sadly, together do not comprise one of hers. "Sports—that's what it is. Workin' here all day no wonder your tits are so small. I play tennis, track, field hockey—really develops my muscles, plus of course dancin' all night. They got a lot of really hot discos in da Bronx, bet ya didn't know that."

Alas, Felisha has come and gone, but the melody, especially if you get off on the Savannah Dance Band, lingers on. We'll never forget those frantic days of instant disconnects when she put the whole world on "Hold." And we have no trouble at all foretelling her fortune—wherever she is, there'll be trouble, confusion, anxiety and a certain noise level, and she'll dance her way out of it without a break in step.

PUBE LUBES

(Continued from page 64)

a glycerin base in either strawberry or coconut-pineapple comes packaged in a clear plastic penis that could double as a dildo. For about three dollars less you can buy plain U.S.P. Glycerin in any drug store. My favorite container is **Mister George**. "He" comes in a molded penis with a special pin attached so you can squeeze him out through the tip. Packaging aside, **Mr. George** tastes like soap. Nevertheless, novelty lubricants are on the rise. They are sold at sex stories and boutiques such as The Pleasure Chest chain.

Commercial lubricants fall into three basic types of bases, give or take various additives: Petroleum jelly, lanolin or glycerin. Lanolin is

(Continued on page 85)

The Dirty Old Man Syndrome

WHENEVER SHE DID SOMETHING REALLY BAD THE OLD MAN'S GHOST SHOWED UP TO HAUNT HER.

They call him the Shitty Bird Man and he's a nasty son of a bitch who haunts the fantasies of lovely young ladies like Michelle Lake. He started appearing in her dreams when she was thirteen looking a good deal like daddy's corpse at his wake in 1970. Now Michelle's 19 and a full grown woman and she still can't shake the image of Mr. Shittybird whacking at his wanger and hee-hawing a lot whenever she does something Daddy wouldn't have liked her to do.

WHEN HE FIRST APPEARED IN HER FANTASIES, HE WAS MENACING AND SCARY. NOW SHE CAME TO UNDERSTAND HIM AS A BEAUTIFUL PART OF HER ADOLESCENT SEXUALITY.

SHE CAME TO LOVE THE OLD MAN, TO NEED HIM AS MUCH AS HE NEEDED HER. HE MADE HER LAUGH. HE MADE HER CUM. OVER AND OVER.

PUBE LUBES

(Continued from page 78)

a by-product of raw wool manufacturing. Made up of cholesterol and fatty acids, it is common in many cosmetic preparations. Glycerin, a by-product of soap, is a colorless, odorless, syrupy liquid with a sweet taste. Water soluble, it is used in the manufacture of cellophane, perfume, liqueurs, printing inks and tobacco as well as a lubricant and emollient. Unlike either lanolin or petroleum jelly, glycerin produces a definite "hot" sensation when applied to the skin, an added dimension to lovemaking. Glycerin is available in most pharmacies and can be purchased in bulk from any pharmaceutical supply house.

The granddaddy of lubricants is **Vaseline**. In 1859 a young Brooklyn chemist was wandering through the Pennsylvania oil fields when he became fascinated with "rod wax". It seems the drillers, while complaining bitterly about how it fouled the pumps, would always keep some handy to put on cuts or burns. It wasn't until 1870 that Robert A. Chesebrough started marketing "rod wax" under the trade name **Vaseline** for women who wanted "a more beautiful skin." Mr. Chesebrough struck greasy gold in those black gold fields.

Petroleum jelly, marketed under the **Vaseline** trademark is a multi-milliondollar product sold internationally. Its fame in bedplay is legendary but the company promotes it as being for everything and anything *but* sexual lubrication. Petroleum jelly's main appeal is that it is readily available and inexpensive. It is one of the greasiest of the lubes—and that is precisely why it's probably the best hand job lubricant available.

Anal intercourse can be very painful without the proper lubrication, particularly when you're just getting into it. **K-Y**, **Nupercainal** and **Preparation H** are all good. For those into fist fucking, however, the "in" lubricant is **Crisco**. The Hollywood branch of the Pleasure Chest stocks one whole shelf devoted to **Crisco** cans from 10 lbs. on down, not to mention **Crisco** T-shirts. While Crisco is readily available in most supermarkets (no questions asked!) its lasting popularity remains to be seen. The main drawback is the odor which will leave your bedroom smelling like a greasy spoon for days afterwards.

Sex promoter Rod Swenson points out that different lubricants are good for different kinds of situations. "Although I've come a long way from my high school days of jerking off with **Wildroot Hair Cream** and petroleum jelly, sometimes I like a non-water soluble lubricant like **Vaseline** simply because it is so thick and gooey. Also because, with a non-water soluble lubricant you can fuck a lot longer since it's not readily absorbed into the body. However, if you fuck for *many* hours every day, continual use of a non-water soluble lubricant can cause build-up in the vagina or anus which can lead to various unhygienic conditions. Therefore, on a regular basis I prefer either a water soluble lubricant like glycerin which produces a warm sensation, or, even better, the surprisingly little used lubricant, **Vitamin E oil**. Although not marketed yet in sex stores as a lubricant, **Vitamin E oil** has all the properties of an ideal sex enhancer. It is smooth and fluid. It is edible, and easily absorbed into the body, avoiding build-up. It's also nourishing to the body, increases circulation (through its anti-coagulating properties) and helps keep the skin permanently soft and sensitive wherever it is applied on a daily basis."

Dr. Neil Sherman, a respected gynecologist, recommends **K-Y** hands down over all others. **K-Y** brand lubricating jelly, a Johnson & Johnson product was originally designed for pharmaceutical use. Now the company is contemplating a more aggressive retail marketing stance as a sexual lubricant. Their current packaging copy reads: "The ideal all-around lubricant. Excellent for easy insertion of rectal thermometers, enema, douche and similar type nozzles. A widely used lubricating jelly in gynecology and surgery. Greaseless, water soluble. Will not harm rubber appliances or surgical instruments." **K-Y** is a glycerin-base product containing: propylene glycol, sodium alginate (seaweed), sodium carboxymethyl cellulose, boric acid and methyl paraben. It's odorless, tasteless, non-staining, non-toxic, sterile and contains no artificial preservatives or mercuric phenolic compounds.

An informal survey taken at random indicates that the number one lubricant used by most people is saliva, with **K-Y** running a close second. **Baby Oil** ranked third and **Vaseline** fourth. About 2 in 40 people had heard of glycerin.

If you are the least bit inhibited about using lubricants to enhance and prolong your sexual pleasures, go out and buy a bar of butter and stick it up your ass today! See what it's like to be a high priced spread.

Hustling in L.A.

(Continued from page 71)

The guru asks me what I suggest for his sagging middle.

Someone tells the cool beauty that if she sneers she'll get wrinkles too.

Om.

Dusty laments the openness of everything sexual now. "I like it more naughty," he giggles.

The gentleman in white agrees snippily: "The closet is perfectly comfortable, thank you!"

For dinner we have meatloaf.

2

In his palatial home, the famous director courts an army of drifting youngmen. All are sure they'll become big stars. Not one has, not one will.

I hate the man, his contempt. So much wasted power! He uses it to extend a tapestry of dreams cruelly to the hungry youngmen, only to withdraw it quickly and send them to others in a sliding order back to the streets but, now, with memories of evaporated glory.

"My films extol the old truths," he says in an interview. "That is what is needed, a return to morality."

3

I meet a famous star. He gets drunk. Under the dinner table his hand gropes me. His fingers dig into my fly. I'm trying to be cool, not to embarrass anyone. Others at the table are unaware what's happening under it.

Except for the star's bodyguard lover.

Alerted by other similar times, he stands abruptly behind the star and looks down. The star withdraws his stumbling fingers.

"I knew it," says the bodyguard-lover.

"Piss," says the star.

The bodyguard leaves.

The star gets drunker. His overtures to me increase. "Please come home with me." He's pitiful, this famous, rich, powerful man. Pitiful. Always falling in love with those who can't love him, who will only use him; surrounded by an entourage of invited sycophants who drain his need for love; always, always inviting to be used. No, I can't go with him, I say.

He leaves the party. But he calls back on the telephone. Please come to his house, just to talk. Just so he will be with someone. *Please.*

Driving to his mausoleum of a house, I see in the flash of my headlights his bodyguard-lover, spying.

Fuck it. I promised I'd come, to talk. And there he is, the lonely star, at his door.

The house is cluttered, like an overbought antique store. Chandeliers like crystal spiderwebs. Devouring velvet chairs. Figurines and statues battling limply for attention. Plastic corpses of flowers.

"I want to show you my bedroom," he tells me.

I decide I have to go.

"Please."

His bed is on a platform. It's a cross between a throne and a circus tent; drapes held at the top with a golden crown. Rows and rows of clothing hung in enormous open closets like squads of frozen guards.

He tries to kiss me, but I'm not attracted to him. "Hey, man," I say.

"Please."

He knew all along I'd reject him this way, I think suddenly. He knew it all along.

As I'm leaving, he offers to take me to Palm Springs if I stay.

4

"It's a white party," he tells me. "Everyone has to dress completely in white." The party will be in his lovely rustic home.

What the hell. I get into it. I wear a white bloused, see-through open Cavalier shirt, pants with two rows of buttons in front, and white boots.

A greenhouse with exotic flowers. Listen to the delicate water spray, like kisses. Oh, a brook! And alcoves. Look! A large swaying hammock. And minstrels in white, playing flutes.

Men and boys in white jock straps wander along the multi-leveled gardens. A man turns up in tennis drag. Men sit along the tiered ledges watching the parade.

A few women idle about, ignored. There's a sultan in see-through pants. There's a man in white ballet tights, genitals exposed. A dazed-looking youngman with a very bad complexion and wearing nothing but crossed belts on his skinny body wanders aimlessly.

I think suddenly of a dull, white purgatory.

Over a hundred guests in white.

A producer arrives with harnassed "slaves." There's appreciative applause from the tiers.

"It's just lovely. Lovely. So innocent," says a man standing benignly on a balcony with a voyeuristic high priest.

DEBBIE THE MASO-TEEN

By BUTCH STARR

Deborah (Dina-Mite) Fryce is one of the hottest, juiciest young stars to hit the sex scene in a long time. Making her debut on the live sex circuit, she is handled exclusively by Rod Swenson's Sex Fantasy Organization. She is currently appearing in repertory at Swenson's Sex Fantasy Theatre in New York's Show World Center.

"Sex is one of the biggest turn-ons in life, and right now I'm into it on almost every level. I love doing sex live in front of an audience. Sometimes it makes me so hot the cum starts running down my legs. The audience loves it. They're fucking me with their minds, and I'm fucking them with mine. It's like fucking a hundred people at one time, if you can imagine what that's like.

"Sometimes it's hard to separate my onstage sex life from my offstage one. Sometimes it's the same thing. I'm selective about who I do it with, but I'm virtually totally uninhibited about what I do. You see, I get bored sort of easily, so I like doing kinky things. We do a lot of S&M

"IT MAKES ME SO HOT THE CUM STARTS RUNNING DOWN MY LEGS"

PHOTOS: ROD SWENSON

onstage and I dig it offstage too. I can really get turned on by both roles. I love being whipped and spanked on my pink little rear end as a prelude to a good hard aggressive fuck. I love a guy to come all over my face, too. A good S can always dominate me. He knows what to do.

"Sometimes I'm the S. Let's face it, a lot of men dig being pussy-whipped, and nobody can flog a guy better than I can. I love to whip him while I play with his hard prick, jerking him off till he's begging to be allowed to fuck me. Sometimes I'll tie a guy up all except for one hand. Then I'll let him jerk himself off while I jerk myself off right in front of him. I don't let him touch me till he's almost out of his mind with horniness.

"I like traditional things, like sucking dick, too. I love to feel a throbbing prick in my mouth. I dig sticking my fingers up a guy's asshole while I'm sucking his cock. Some guys are really uptight about their assholes, feeling that if they express pleasure in this area of the body that people will

think they're faggots. The reality is that we all have very pleasurable nerve endings in our assholes and it feels great to have them stimulated. Usually, I use a little lubricant, sticking two or three fingers up a guy's hole while I'm blowing him. It makes him so fucking hard, he explodes when he comes. I love having hot creamy cum spurting all over me.

"I LIKE TO STICK TWO OR THREE FINGERS UP THE ASSHOLE WHILE I'M BLOWING A GUY."

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 28)

changed pleasantries and talked a little about swinging. I gathered my courage, and even suggested a stroll around the club. Before the evening was over, we had met a few more couples, took a few phone numbers and headed home.

When Marc and I discussed the evening, I agreed that I enjoyed the people we had met, even finding some attractive enough to consider sex with but unsure if I could handle Marc being with someone else. A week later we found ourselves at another club and met a couple who turned us on both physically and emotionally. We went home with them and after some initial anxiety had a real ball. To this day, we enjoy them first as friends and, when the occasion arises, as lovers. Through swinging I have become a more open person and have had the opportunity to act out many of my fantasies. I look forward to weekends with our friends and a swing when we're in the mood. It is a common axiom that although it is the men who instigate swinging, it is the women who perpetuate it. I agree!

Before signing off, I'd like to tell those of you contemplating swinging to bear in mind that it's not for everyone. It won't save a bad relationship, but can make a good one great. Communicate with each other and if you can agree on a look-see, by all means do! Never do what I've seen one or two men do, which is to bring a lady down without telling her about it first. These ladies usually end up running screaming from the place and start divorce proceedings in the A.M. Besides, you'll never get back in again.

If you do try a club, please let us know what you think, pro or con, and if you're gonna be in town, drop us a line with your photos and maybe we can arrange a party!! For those of you who've written, please bear with us. We'll answer each and every one of you personally, but those with photos and SASE get first preference. See you next month,

Susan and Marc LeBeau

SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 23)

for a short time. They take their money and can do what ever they want to with it. Their biggest problem is social isolation. They are treated as little better than lepers. In Mexico, I was shown around the little fishing village by a young Italian lad who had set up residency there.

"That's the local whorehouse," he said. "A lot of my friends go there but I don't." "Do the women walk around or do they just stay here?" I asked. "They just stay here. The townspeople don't want them around. I don't know how anyone can get so low as to be a prostitute." "Do you think it's low to be a john?" I asked. "Yes, that's low too."

But his friends were johns. No problem. Only the prostitute is isolated, persecuted and ostracized. All alone in a world which hypocritically condemns her, she is frequently forced to seek protection from pimps—which puts an end to her independence and affluence. End of cycle. The free and liberated prostitute becomes through her pimp a sex slave. Uppity women are kept in line in this way, even as wives and lovers are kept in line.

Times are slowly and sporadically changing. Prostitutes are liberating themselves. They are demanding and getting a place of recognition, not in the back alley of yesteryear but in the front parlour of tomorrow. Some men are struggling against the special privileges which divide them from women. Even housewives are fighting for an end to the double-standard which kept them in the kitchen while their men were in the bordello. Now with swinging and open marriages and even monogamy for both partners, a single standard is being drawn.

Until men give up their privileges and, especially, their wealth, prostitution will remain as the supreme indicator of male morality.

The prostitute is *your* fate, men. She is the ultimate expression of your values as well as the ultimate expression of women's cynicism towards them.

I welcome your comments and criticisms.

I just received a very touching letter from one of my readers. This guy had been raped by his best friend when he was a boy. Now, he likes to dress like a woman and think of himself as Terry, a woman. He is now pretending to be me, Terry Kolb. But without being an M. He writes: "Why would a beautiful girl with a sexy body like yours want to get beaten up and have sex? It hurts to see someone as beautiful as you beaten and maybe even killed. I was thinking of maybe dressing up like you and going out on the town with my lover of the same sex, having him say or tell people I was Terry Kolb." I never have been told before by anyone that they wanted to pretend to be me. I am flattered. Write me again with your address and I will return a letter.

DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 24)

My name is Al and I am an ex-police officer. At the moment I am serving a one-to-five prison sentence here in Kentucky. While I was a police officer I was on the vice and narcotics division so I do know what you are talking about in your article in the November issue of CHERI.

Maureen, your article hit home with me because I had a partner who used his badge and authority to make time with the women. I can't honestly say that I was a little angel but I didn't abuse my power, either.

I know now that a lot of things I did while I was working vice were wrong. When I get out of here I am planning on writing a book about my life while I was working vice and narcotics to try and let the public know just how things really are run in a majority of the police departments around the country. You know, as I sit here I can actually say most of my real friends were people that the vice squad was always busting. That may be hard for you to believe but it is true, I got to know these people very well through my work as a police officer. They were the people who helped me when I needed them! Do you think my fellow police officers would help when I needed them? Hell no.

Maureen, the only thing that I am thankful for is that I still am young enough to start a new life when I get released from here.

Well, I'd better close for now. Once again thank you for writing what you thought in your article. We need more writers like you that tell you how it is.

Maureen, if you have time, write me a short note back so I know you got this letter. This is the first time I ever wrote to a magazine so I don't know if you personally read it or if someone else does that for you.

Maureen, could you put a personal picture of yourself in a letter if you write back? I would really appreciate it.

Love,
An ex-cop who has
seen the light
Al

P.S. If you send a picture make sure you have your clothes on because they won't let us have them otherwise.

Dearest Ex-Cop:

I am amused. But, I feel I must confess the truth. You are a *tease.* You didn't tell me why you're doing time! Are you too embarrassed? Ya' wanna hear something *really* embarrassing? No? O.K., then. I'm curious, come on, you can tell me. Please!

You're pretty lucky, though. Even though they have you behind bars your mind is still roaming around free. You seem to know the difference between right and wrong.

So keep in touch with me and let me know more about your escapades with Starsky and Hutch! Please write me of any further developments with your book.

I didn't print your name or address, only because I believe in discretion. If you receive any mail, I'll forward it to you.

Love ya' much,
Maureen

Hi!

I just read your column (Divine Decadence) in the December, '76 issue of CHERI and was really impressed, especially by your explicit statement about the ignorance of the state as far as prisoners are concerned. If anything, the state contributes to the recidivism of released prisoners by failing to provide them with an adequate "society re-entry" program.

Instead, they release a prisoner, who may have been in prison for the past ten or fifteen years, and say "Here's three hundred dollars, now go out and get a job and stay out of trouble." Can you expect a man (or woman) who has been out of touch with society for that length of time to be able to cope with the ever-changing laws and morals just like that? Without any help whatsoever? Bullshit!

I know the state says they make every effort possible to help the parolee released from prison, but that's bullshit, too. You see a parole officer maybe once a month and all he asks is if you got busted for anything, are you fixing, or are you working?

So much for my opinion on the Department of Corrections. As you may have surmised, I

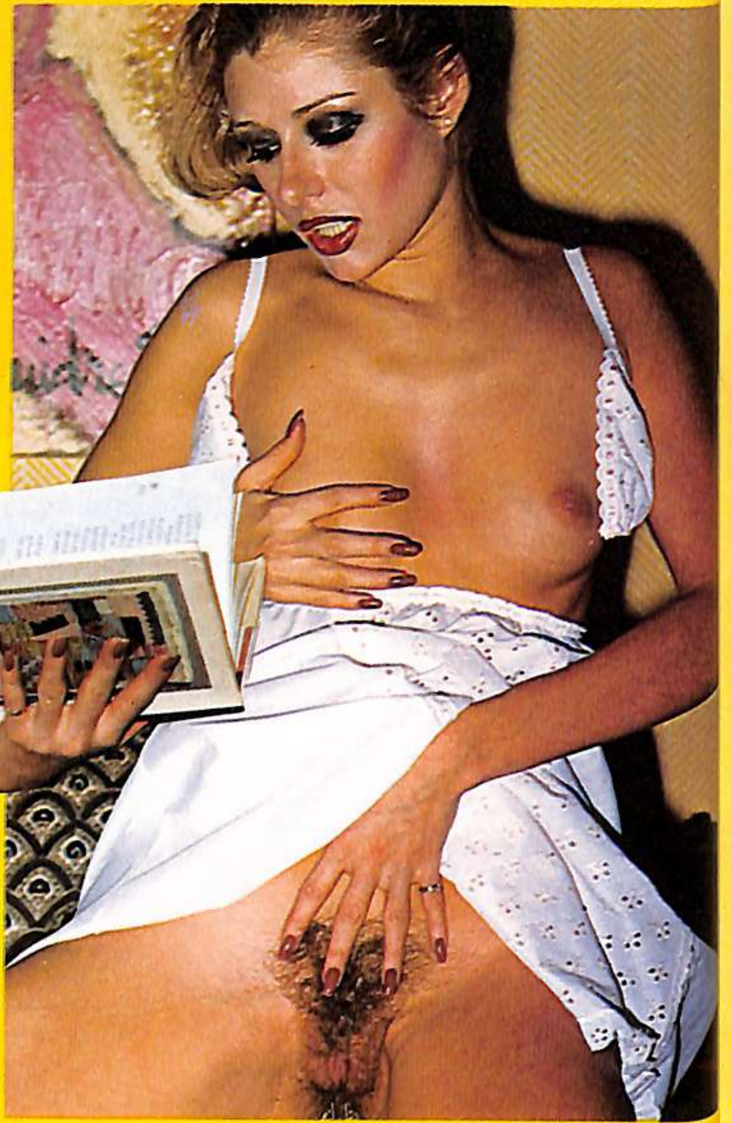
(Continued on page 98)

Are Men The Answer?

(WELL, WHAT THE FUCK IS THE QUESTION?)

On the one hand, men are rats. They snore, they watch football games, they come too fast, they like Howard Cosell, and they never buy flowers. While they can remember precisely and exactly every play Larry Csonka has maneuvered in the last three seasons, they are absolutely unable to recall your birthday at all. They spend hours, that could be better spent helping with the vacuuming, drooling over skin rags. They are, it's true, very passionate people—but usually only over those topics with which Howard Cosell is most familiar, and their jobs, and sometimes their pets. One of the more obnoxious examples of the species is an insurance salesman with a box at the Giants' stadium and an Irish wolfhound; not even a centerfold sweetmeat related by blood to Brigitte Bardot could nuzzle into that hierarchy.

Men will endure having a woman hang around only if she bears some physical resemblance to either the aforementioned Brigitte or Irish wolfhound or if she is, in some way, helpful. Being helpful includes opening *TV Guide* to the afternoon football schedule and propping it in front of an open Coors, walking the wolfhound and starting a pot of chili for dinner . . . but quietly, so he doesn't miss a



hushed word of instant replay. An even better way of being helpful is being very rich and having the Coors whizzed in still cold from whatever goddamn Rocky Mountain creek they brew it up in, anyway. Men go crazy over touches like this, although it is hard to tell. "Mmm, there's nothing like a Coors still cool from the stream, baby!" is their idea of a heart-stopping compliment. Fin de siecle romanticism went out with the invention of the aluminum can.

On the other hand—women. Women are sensitive, delicate, tender-hearted, appreciative, generous, moist people who do not go around slapping each other on the back or comparing pro line-ups. They like licking and cuddling in intimate situations; they are particularly big on stroking and circular fingertip massages in areas normally covered by bathing trunks, and their fetishes run to the oral, rather than the bone-crushing. Because of their special sensitivities, they are good at things like making chocolate eclairs and shoplifting. But those are not the important things in their lives. They live as their

WOMEN PREFER STROKING
AND CROTCH MASSAGES
TO GUZZLING COORS AT BALLGAMES

MEN TURN ON TO WOMEN WHO RESEMBLE THEIR IRISH WOLFHOUNDS OR LARRY CSONKA

hearts throb, poor things. And so, frequently, they feel frustrated and defeated when trying to link up with what is called, with good reason, the opposite sex.

Here is a possible solution. Look how happy these girls are, how responsive to each others' needs. There is not a single blaring TV set in the background. There are no gaps in the communication or anywhere else. It's very comfortable and sweet and playful . . . and erotic . . . if you like looking at the naked bodies of gorgeous broads, which is why you bought this rag in the first place. We say it's pretty, but we don't say it's sex. If God had wanted women doing things like this to one another, He wouldn't ever have invented people with cocks.

GOD MADE LESBIANISM DIFFICULT BY INVENTING COCKS

DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 92)

am an inmate in one of California's more reputable prisons. Yes, here on the bonnie banks of Oakland Bay, I have a beautiful view from my penthouse suite in San Quentin.

I've only had occasion to read two issues of your dynamic magazine (by luck, believe me; the first one I glanced at belonged to one of the Corrections Officers at the reception center in Chino, and the one I currently have in my possession I borrowed from an inmate), but what I have seen and read so far, believe me I like very much.

I do hope you answer this letter 'cause I may not have a chance to read your column again for awhile (unless somebody has the next issue and is willing to lend it to me). Also, if you happen to know of any young ladies who wouldn't mind writing to a 22-year-old, green eyed, blond haired (Sagitarius) prisoner, tell 'em to drop me a line. (And if they ever happen to come this way, stop in and say hi!).

Love Ya,
Gordon

Yes, Gordon, I totally agree with you. After the system strips and rapes you, they hand you three bills for Lord knows how many years hard labor. Bizarre.

If it wasn't for letters like yours, I'd probably be a whole different person. By different I mean naive, dumb and withdrawn, not the smooth-moving four leaf clover I am now. No sireeeeee, I'd be dreaming of Ken and Barbies, and a motorboat with a love seat, etc. . . .

Let's bring the real raunchiness, the real nitty-gritty obscenities to the top of the barrel, starting with the U.S. Department of Corrections.

Please Gordon, keep in touch and let me know of the ups and downs you have or will encounter. You really have my mind reelin' and' rockin'. You've made a new friend. Maybe we're miles apart, and both lay stripped down to the very last part, but we know we're *never* alone. There's always room for one more. What I'm saying is we're all in the same boat! So don't let it get your goat!

Love,
Maureen

Well, that's the news wrap-up on my mail. I still haven't received any letters from females. And statistics show that there is an average of more than four women to one man! So what's wrong? Every woman has a broken right or left hand? Aren't they still teaching women to write, or have we let them go backwards through time and keep our mouths shut?

A few points to ponder:

Number one: prisoners. I'm partial to them only because I've also shared the opportunity of a few visits to a cell or two. But never for any length of time. Depending upon the charge, beavers pleading to the judges and juries sometimes work.

Most of my letters are from prisoners. You people with any heart would want to help. I know in L.A. there is an organization set up for volunteers to go and visit prisoners. They aren't a mating service, unfortunately, but remember, I have *hundreds* of letters from prisoners.

Communication with the outside is only #2, while still needing the feeling for self esteem is #1. It's only natural after being locked up with men, with no ol' lady to lay, that everyone would get hot after awhile. My plea—just for everyone who reads this to pick a prisoner and write him. If you're really an interested party, send the letter to me and I can forward it. I withhold all addresses unless the writer mentions that he wants it published.

If you're on the outside and have a heart for someone on the inside—send me a line. I have a few volumes of addresses from prisoners. Help me out! Oh yes, that phone number for Prisoner Volunteer Visitors in Los Angeles is (213) 798-6376. Please, remember what goes around does come around! And who knows who's next?

Number two: female prisoners. Where are you? Are your hands bound? Anyone having any information about female prisoners, anywhere, anyone who needs correspondence, who writes, draws, anything. Lead me to them. Women aren't obscene and should be heard.

Number three: All letters are more than welcome. It's like Christmas when the mailman comes. I love it. Especially if you're really being the true you. I don't mind a few cum stains sticking the pages together, at least be original. Original and Real.

Keep it up and coming,
Maureen

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 25)

times that year, but I couldn't do my complete act there because of the strict laws and some of my customers were disappointed. After that I decided not to use my Honeysuckle Divine name anymore unless I could do my complete act.

Dream symbols serve to warn us of coming events. But, those events are going to come, we can't stop them. We can only be prepared for them. We have a subconscious mind that already knows the future. But if we can know a few things it will help us along a little. I have had many other experiences where my dream symbols have warned me of situations. Everytime I dream my hair is short it means I will be short of money. It never fails to happen. And if my hair is curly, watch out! I am going to aggravate someone.

I woke up one afternoon after dreaming I had real tight curly hair. I called the print shop and asked if they had got the pictures back from the bus depot yet. They informed me that the bus company was charging storage on them. God! Was I furious.

I want to take this opportunity to explain to my New York fans that the reason I didn't have pictures to give them the last weekend I was there was because they were shipped to me via this bus company's Package Express Next Bus Out Service on Friday, but I didn't receive them. I checked with the bus depot several times on Friday, Saturday, and even Sunday. I was told they weren't there.

When I got back to Washington, D.C. on Monday I put a tracer on it. I was told they were in New York. Why didn't I receive them? They didn't know. Well I wanted them back, then. I had to go out of town, but I asked the print shop to pick them up. They didn't pick them up because of the extra storage charges.

I should have sued them for not giving those pictures to me when I was in New York; *instead* they were charging me to get them back. I called the bus company and complained bitterly and threatened to sue them, but they laughed in my face. Then I decided to call the Interstate Commerce Commission. The first guy who talked to me gave me the runaround, saying the only thing to do is get a lawyer after them, and as I was talking to him I was disconnected. I stubbornly called the Interstate Commerce Commission back. This time a different voice answered. He was very sympathetic, asked for my phone number, and said he'd call back in ten minutes.

In about five minutes the phone rang. It was the guy from the bus depot. He was no longer laughing. I could feel him shaking as he spoke very formally and nervously. He identified himself and told me I could pick up my package with no charge. I curtly said "Thank you" and hung up. Five minutes later the phone rang again. It was the nice guy from the Interstate Commerce Commission asking if the bus depot had called to give me back my package without any charges. I thanked him over and over and told him God would bless him for helping me. I was overjoyed.

This all happened within minutes after I dreamed I had tight curly hair. Usually it takes more time, sometimes months, before the symbols come true.

My grandmother was very psychic. She told fortunes, read tea leaves, analyzed dreams and read palms. My Aunt told me all about her, but one day all the blood drained from my Aunts' face as I told her the name of my favorite song! She said, "That was Mom's favorite song!" Her eyes got big and I thought she was going to faint.

My grandmother was French. Sometimes when I get drunk or tired I speak with a French accent. When I sing that song I always sing it with a French accent.

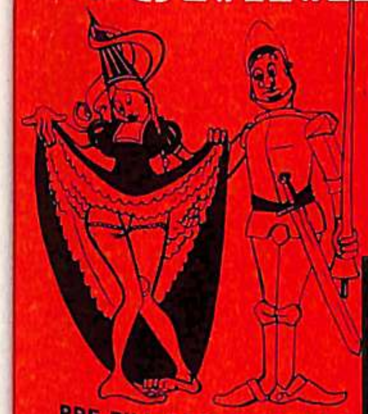
I guess I get my psychic abilities from my grandmother, because you see, I AM my grandmother, reincarnated. I am content with bits and pieces of the past and future. It is not good for the conscious mind to know everything.

A day or two ago, I dreamed I was having sex with Elvis Presley! WOW! His wet thick cock was in my juicy cunt, and my muscles were contracting and squeezing on his slippery cock when I woke up. Having sexual intercourse means you will receive money, but being with a famous person means sadness. I put my hand down to my puss and discovered my period had started early. That might have accounted for the slippery wetness of my dream.

You can observe from your own dream symbols sometimes, how they connect with certain situations in your life, and when you have that symbol again you will know what to expect.

Thank you for your wonderful letters. Send me your dreams for free analysis. Be sure and state if you want your dreams published and put your return address inside the letter. Sometimes it gets torn off the outside envelope.

UP AND CUMMING



PRE-PILL PREVENTATIVES

FROOTS: A TRANSSEXUAL SEARCHES FOR HIS AFRICAN HERITAGE

SPARE PARTS

LET MY PEOPLE CUM SUM MORE

HAVE PUSSY, WILL PLAY

BARBERSHOP SHTUP

"WHAT, AND GIVE UP SHOW BIZ?"

SUGARTIT

THE SPRINKLE REPORT: "MY CRAZIEST CUM"